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The Phillips Andover Mirror.

A Literary Magazine Published by the Students of
Phillips Academy.

MAY, 1892.

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THE MIRROR is published on the first of October, November, December, February, March, May and June, of each Academic year, by the students of Phillips Andover Academy.

The subscription price is \$1.50 per year, or 25 cents per single number, payable in advance.

It is the purpose of the magazine, first, to promote literary life in the school. With this in view, the editors will strive not only to secure the best work from the best pens, but also to encourage and, so far as possible, to assist men not habituated to writing.

The magazine is intended, as well, for a medium of communication between the undergraduate body and the Alumni. To this end, a paper by some prominent alumnus will appear in each number, and a special department will be devoted to alumni notes.

The Editors will recruit the Contributing Board, as occasion demands, from men who have shown marked ability in the quality and amount of their work for the magazine.

From the Contributing Board, will be filled all vacancies arising from time to time on the Editorial Staff.

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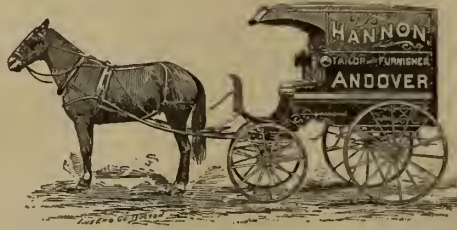
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No. 11.

The Magazine and the Alumni.

I ALWAYS make it a point when I go into a Reading-room to look through the illustrated papers with their pictures of various countries. I do this not merely because my childish love of pictures is still strong, but because I find it enlarges my world, by making real to me the world as it is to others. To see what life means in the houses of Northern Siberia, or to a member of the Viceroy's staff in India, makes me realize that, in spite of different surroundings, the life is largely the same everywhere. And this helps me to appreciate better my own surroundings and the life which they contain, and to get over that childish belief that beauty or poetry or the opportunity for noble living or interest of any kind, is confined to foreign lands, and to see them actually or possibly at my door.

And such an Illustrated Graphic I hope this new magazine will be to the outside world in regard to Phillips Academy. The most characteristic and significant side of a community's life is its tone, its atmosphere. Statistics give the skeleton; but the tone of a community—that spirit bearing the impress of its ideals, its daily accomplishments, its duties, its amusements—this gives the expression, the word or frown or smile, by which we can judge it best.

What Phillips Academy is accomplishing as an institution can be learned from its Catalogue and its Treasurer's Report. These tell how many boys are studying here, how many entered college last year, how much it costs, how many or few the teachers are. A glance is sufficient to show those of us who were here thirty years ago how different a school this is to-day; and a glance between the lines will show how hampered the Academy is for lack of teachers, salaries, and buildings, in dealing with the crowd of boys which her prosperity has brought her. All these facts we can learn from the official documents. But of what sort is the life that goes on among the students? Is it mature or crude, with ideals lofty or low, showing signs that powers of origination are developing or that education is viewed as an affair of memory and the worship of established proper standards? What sort of literature is admired and imitated? How are teachers looked upon? What is thought funny? How is a fellow regarded who is poor, and one who is rich? What idea of manliness is prevalent? It is such questions as these that sink a shaft down into that school-life which cannot be comprehended in statistical reports, but which is quite as important for a knowledge of what the school really is. In choosing where to educate my son, I would rather have answers to these questions than information as to the course of study.

Now a magazine like this is the place where some of these answers are to be found. For here is a cupful dipped up from the current of school-life in full flow; here the Academy student, not the Academy, presents himself for inspection. He is, it is true, dressed consciously in his best, and therefore not quite at ease. The real Academy boy is not exactly the person who appears in these pages. But we can make allowance for the refracting medium in his case, as we have learned to do in society in case of persons similarly uncomfortable on account of their dress. A part of the landscape background in which the student here appears is, of course, to be recognized as conventional, like the backgrounds of Dürer and Botticelli. There will doubtless be in this magazine the usual number of apostrophies to breaking hearts, addresses to distantly adored female loveliness, dreams in study-chairs amid floating wreaths of tobacco smoke, jeers at boarding-house keepers and food and

teachers. But we have learned to discount these expressions of the young person at their due worth ; not supposing either that the Academy is wholly given up to the worship of the Fem. Sem. and the table, or that these objects pass unnoticed in Andover ; but recognizing that worship is paid at these shrines partly because the youth feels they are the conventionally proper ones, and partly because the boy would not be a boy if mystery and love and longing and the desire for fun and an ignorance of absolute values were not all mixed in him. If we know how to make the right adjustments in using a magazine like this, we shall have an excellent microscope with which to see the inner workings of the life of the school.

This is what we of the Alumni want. Before we send our sons or anybody else's sons here, we rightly demand to know what the Academy is standing for. We want to feel from time to time its pulse. We want a document which, in setting forth what the school is, shall be the complement of the Catalogue. The stories and poems of this magazine, the suggestions of school policy coming from the students themselves, the local news, perhaps even the Grinds, will furnish data for answering that question which every Alumnus, whether he has sons or not, has an interest in asking: "What does Phillips Academy now mean?" What the parish visit is to the clergyman, what the patient's pulse is to the physician, this magazine may be to one seeking to know Phillips Academy—a typical segment of this little community, throbbing with its life.

FREDERIC PALMER, '65.

To the Primrose.

In that green valley, promise of the year,
Thou'rt cradled in the winds of Spring serene ;
Just thus real virtue blooms,
Borne by adversity.

JOHN WEBSTER LEWIS.

An Easter Morning.

M R. Edward Hollingsworth rose from his desk, and restlessly paced the floor of his law office, holding in his hand a letter. It was this that had started the troubled storm of thoughts and emotions which seemed so wholly beyond his control. As he finally stood at the window, looking down at the crush and hurry of business in the muddy street below, his face was a reflection of all the conflicting elements which pushed and jostled themselves along through the cold, cheerless January rain. His keen mind, trained in the discrimination of the subtlest points, seemed wholly unable to meet the situation ; tender thoughts of love were swept away by a fear which carried everything before it ; then his strong will would rise to re-assert its authority, and his strong mind again try to reason out the problem in the same manner it had tried a hundred times before, but always with the same result, and the strong man turned away to his desk again with something between an exclamation of wounded pride, and a groan of pain.

Ed. Hollingsworth was a type of what the world calls a successful and enviable young man ; he did not have the misfortune of being a millionaire's son, and yet his father had left him an abundance of means to gratify his tastes as well as his needs. His course through college and in the law school had been a brilliant one, and he was much admired for his keenness and wit, though it is not certain that he had many close friends. In society he was always a marked figure and the centre of conversation and wit. Settling down in his home town, he quickly commanded attention at the bar, and his name was already spoken in political circles throughout the state ; his well appointed and finely furnished office indicated an almost artistic taste, and even a casual acquaintance-ship showed him a man of sensitive and refined disposition. He had been living alone with his mother in their home, and his love and thoughtfulness for her was equalled only by his devotion to Miss Helen Bronson, who was some day to become his wife.

For a year past Mrs. Hollingsworth's health had been failing. Ed-

ward gave her every care and luxury which could be had, and Helen was so helpful in her attentions that Mrs. Hollingsworth soon came to love her as an own daughter, but through it all the decline was unchanging. Finally the doctor advised change of scene and air, and a trip to Italy was planned. Edward was detained from going with her, but Helen's constant oversight and care were doing everything possible for her.

The reports at first were hopeful, and it seemed that the soft, warm air was to bring new life to the invalid, but only for a short time, and then Helen's letters began to hint the truth which she was so loth to state. But the letter to-day told of a sudden change for the worse, and that they were to return home at once. Then Edward was compelled to admit the fact he had so long fought against, that his mother would soon be with him no more. But why did it affect him as it did? Ed. Hollingsworth was an atheist. His keen analytical mind linked with a strong personal pride made him reject all that he could not compass by his own intellect. His entire life had been free from care, and his whole education was such as to make him reason wholly by tangible and visible evidence. The realm of the supernatural and invisible was to him either a sealed book or else a fallacy of weaklings. It was not because that element was wanting in his character, for no one could love as Edward Hollingsworth loved and be destitute of the life which is more than physical and intellectual being. It was the awakening of this unrecognized power within him which caused the struggle in his mind to-day.

He loved Helen Bronson passionately, devotedly, but her spiritual life was incomprehensible to him, and he was harassed by a fear which was increased by the very depth of his love,—how could he enjoy a happiness which a slight accident, a single disastrous breath of air, might take from him? The whole array of his ambitions rose up to mock him with the very promise of their fulfilment.

In about a fortnight the travellers were at home again, and Edward and Helen were watching the invalid and trying to forget the impossibility of her recovery. To Helen, the separation which she knew must come caused not as much sorrow as the hopeless grief which ruled Edward. She loved Mrs. Hollingsworth with the clinging affection of an

orphan who had been without a mother's love until she had found it here, and as she thought of being separated from her, she had clung to her with a passionate entreaty to live for her sake. Then it was that Mrs. Hollingsworth had taken her hands into her own, which seemed already to hold the key to the other world, and had spoken such quiet words of hope and trust that Helen found her grief overcome by a sacred peace. The sorrow of separation was sweetened by a great joy in knowing that the love and sympathy was to be hers always, and a living presence and help for her in her daily life. But when Helen turned to think of Edward a pain crept into her heart, more helpless by far. She could learn to bear patiently, and even cheerfully, the loss which was before her, but what could she say to him, when the things which were the very foundation of her life and being were by him utterly ignored or unknown? As Helen thought of this during those stormy winter days, there came to her a realization which has been a crown of grief to many a life: that there may be a separation of thought and spirit between us and those we love most, and with whom we are present daily or hourly,—a barrier and separation with which absence in body is not to be thought of in comparison.

Thus the days crept by, and the raw winds of March were just beginning to blow, when the end of sickness came for the invalid. There was a night of sinking, free from pain, and then, as the earliest rays of dawn were stealing through the drawn blinds, Helen turned to Edward in the first outburst of grief with these simple words: "She is not here, she is risen."

The cold days of March were almost gone, and April was close at hand. There had been sunshine enough already to drive away almost all the snow, and here and there a stray arbutus showed its pink and white blossom. They were the only suggestions of color in the array of white roses and chrysanthemums at the quiet wedding of Helen and Edward in the home over which she was to preside. A short trip was taken in the South, where the brief stay of winter had already given place to spring. But the shadow of grief had not been forgotten in the sunshine of bright

days. Edward Hollingsworth was not one of those shallow natures to whom a change of scene is a change of life, but though he could not master his sorrow at once, he was unshrinking and brave in bearing it.

As they returned to their New England home, in April, they made short stops in Washington, Philadelphia, and New York. Everywhere preparations for Easter were seen: in the shop windows and on street corners were seen banks of roses and geraniums on a background of ferns, and over all the pure, white Easter lily. The very atmosphere of the crowds on the sidewalks seemed to catch the inspiration of the season.

It was but the day before Easter when the travellers reached home. Early the next morning Edward went over to the fresh-made mound in the churchyard. Helen had sent some flowers there the evening before, and the slight dew had kept them fresh and bright. There, in the early light, the strong man battled with his grief, and with himself, alone. Alone, did we say? or were there spirit voices there to speak to him as he struggled with his own unbelief and blindness, and to waken his better and truer self to grasp the true life which it hungered for? Edward Hollingsworth was a strong man, but never stronger than in that hour when he heard with his soul the words, "Because I live ye shall live also," and laid aside all his pride and long held unbelief, to take them into his life.

Helen had asked on Easter eve that they attend the sunrise communion service together, and as he returned to the house he met her in the hall. As he saw her standing there with face as white and pure as the lilies she clasped in her hand, he understood in a moment that the night had been to her a vigil of prayer, of which this was the glad morning and answer.

Quietly, and with a joy too great to be spoken, they walked to the church together. The first rays of the sun shone in through the stained-glass windows; they fell brightly on the wealth of flowers in the chancel, and filled the room with golden light. The grand Easter hymn was sung, and Edward Hollingsworth and Helen walked down the aisle with hearts full of solemn joy, and knelt side by side to receive the communion.

But the hand that ministered knew not that these two received a double sacrament, and that this resurrection day was to them the beginning of a life in which every barrier of mind and soul was swept away.

As they quietly left the church there was in the face of each the radiance of a soul which has been in the very presence of God. And who shall say this was not to them their real wedding morn?

GEORGE HARRIS McCLELLAN.

Flowers.

MANY labor hard to gather
Flowers, to let them bloom and die,
When they still might grow with vigor,
Could they but have passed them by.

Brilliant hopes in these are blended,
Showing forth in golden light
Large desires, most uncertain,
Wishes spreading in the night.

What is life but chasing shadows,
Which when reached escape me still,
Either by an unseen power,
Or our own weak, wayward will?

JOHN WEBSTER LEWIS.

Abbot to Phillips.

IT is with great interest that Abbot greets the new magazine at Phillips. While we regret that the Philo Mirror, with its clever stories and amusing grinds, has been discontinued, we welcome the Phillips Andover Mirror, and wish for it every success. We know from experience how much time and thought each number of a school periodical represents, and how encouraging is the hearty co-operation of all the students. This we predict for the new enterprise, as enthusiasm for literary, as well as for athletic, attainments is characteristic of "Old Phillips."

The Winter Term, for both Phillips and Abbot, has been rich in events which tended to stimulate literary interest; for Mr. Clapp's Shakespeare lectures and Prof. Young's course on astronomy have proved a great benefit to us all; and it was pleasant to see such a large delegation from Phillips in the audiences.

But believing in the old proverb about "all work and no play," we have mixed with our study some wholesome recreation. We have been trying to cultivate muscle as well as brain-power this term, and our work in Ling Gymnastics helped us to appreciate the feats at the tournament, which we attended through your courtesy. "Ling Gymnastics" does not mean, as some suppose, toeing a line and beating the air with the arms, but, on the contrary, it is a carefully arranged system of motions which bring every muscle into play. We are proud of our new vaulting apparatus, although, as yet, we have made no records worthy of mention.

Tuesday evening we lay aside our books to exchange visits between the halls and to receive friends from the town. That night is free from study-hours and foreign languages; and hitherto tongue-tied students of French and German, seated side by side at dinner, speak English with remarkable fluency. On that night, too, we

"trip it as we go
On the light fantastic toe,"

in brief forgetfulness of Moral Philosophy and Greek or Latin constructions.

In looking over our "memory-books," which are fearfully and wonderfully made and contain souvenirs of every description, we realise that we are indebted to Phillips for many of our good times. We hope that these will continue, and that Abbot may be able to repay the many hospitalities of Phillips.

Transition.

An Easter Thought.

As wakes the heart from some long sleep of pain,
And melts its silent grief in dew of tears,
So rises Nature from her sleep again, —
A heavy heart, burdened with anxious fears;
Hiding in mists, weeping in tears of rain
O'er pent-up griefs of twice three thousand years.

Then to the stretch of gray comes ray of white,
The Anemone, smiling from its dainty rod;
While grief and fears must perish, 'fore the might
Of new-born life, upspringing where have trod
The steps of Winter; now again comes, bright,
Leaf, bud, and blossom, from the hand of God.

And to the dead heart, crushed with grief and care,
Hope sends a message, which Joy bears, to those
Shut out from happiness: that everywhere
New life springs from the old; and in the throes
Of anguished sorrow, or of dull despair,
Gleam life and love and joy, since Christ arose.

OLEAN.

The Teachings of Confucius.

WHEN Confucius was five or six, people took notice of his fondness for playing with his companions at setting out sacrifices and at posture of ceremony. He tells us that at fifteen his mind was set on learning; and at nineteen, according to the ancient and modern practice in China. In his twenty-second year he commenced his labors as a teacher.

Confucius began at first, probably, in a humble way; but soon a school, not of boys to be taught the elements of learning, but of young and inquiring spirits who wished to be instructed in the principles of right conduct and government, gradually gathered around him. He accepted the substantial aid of his disciples, and he rejected none who could give him the smallest fee, and he would retain none who did not show earnestness and capacity. "When I have presented," he said, "one corner of a subject, and the pupil cannot of himself make out the other three, I do not repeat my lesson." His professed disciples amounted to three thousand, and among them there were between seventy and eighty whom he described as "scholars of extraordinary ability."

Being accompanied by many of his disciples, Confucius travelled over the provinces in order to teach his theory, or to examine a social, political, moral, and educational system. The marquis of the states was puzzled how to treat him; Confucius was not a man of rank, and yet the prince felt that he ought to give Confucius more honor than rank could claim. It was proposed to assign to him a considerable revenue, but he would not accept it, while his counsels were not followed. We can see he was not a man who wished a revenue, but he was a true statesman, who saved his country from a dangerous condition, and his people from the oppressive government of that day.

For fifteen years Confucius continued in private life, prosecuting his studies, and receiving many accessions to his disciples. At last, in his fifty-second year, he was made chief magistrate of the city. A marvellous

reformation, we are told, forthwith ensued in the manners of the people. He was finally appointed minister of crime,—and there was an end of crime. Two of his disciples at the same time obtained influential positions in the two most powerful clans of the state, and co-operated with him. Dishonesty and dissoluteness hid their heads; loyalty and good faith became the characteristics of men.

Confucius had told the marquis that good government was obtained when the ruler was ruler, and the minister minister; when the father was father, and the son son. Society, he considered, was an ordinance of Heaven, and was made up of five relationships: ruler and subject, husband and wife, father and son, elder brother and younger, and friends.

The writings of Confucius, which influence one third of the human race, are the basis of the Chinese social, political, moral, and educational system, and form the national bible. The highest virtue and the most peremptory duty of every Chinese is that of “filial piety.” All other duties, whether to state, to private interests, to other individuals, or even to a man’s own flesh and blood—his wife and children, must yield to this. Thus a man is, by public opinion and by law, forced to nourish and care for his *aged* parents, and grandparents—if they be living, even though in consequence his wife and children go naked and hungry. A man never grows beyond the duty of obedience to his parents. “Honor thy father and thy mother” is a command so inwrought into the every fibre of Chinese nature, so sustained by public opinion, that he who neglects it is certain to be driven from society as a heathen and a reprobate. China, the oldest of nations, has survived all the ancient peoples, and is to-day the living witness to the promised truth contained in the fifth commandment: “Honor thy father and thy mother, that *thy days may be long upon the land* which the Lord thy God giveth thee.”

Thus it is the stamp of Confucius’s teachings are still impressed on the institutions of China, and the influence of his writings has kept China as a nation until the nineteenth century.

In his writings the references to the Supreme Being are abundant; there is an exulting recognition of God as the almighty personal ruler, who orders the course of nature. The impersonal term “heaven” took

the place of the divine name. Many able scholars translated the term which Confucius used in his writings by "Jehovah," or God.

In his seventieth year death took him away, and it is sad that his last words were :

"The great mountain must crumble,
The strong beam must break,
The wise man must wither away like a plant."
HENRY SHUSIKE SEKI.

Retrospect.

At times the inner sun declines,
With no just cause to tell me why;
All's then bereft of nobleness,
And love's sweet springs appear to die.

Sometimes when we were faint and worn,
And sorely needed sympathy,
A good observing angel-friend,
Noticed our need in passing by.

We cannot dream the tender deeps
Of love in our dear Father's heart,
That wins bright smiles from one who weeps,
With all a true refiner's art.

JOHN WEBSTER LEWIS.

•

Henry David Thoreau.

NONE of the epithets given to Thoreau establish fully his position as a writer or as a man. He says of himself: "The truth is, I am a mystic, a transcendentalist, and a natural philosopher to boot." But one of his critics denies that he was a naturalist in any true sense; he lacked the scientific spirit, and he quotes Thoreau's own words: "Man cannot afford to be a naturalist, to look at Nature directly, but only with the side of his eye. He must look through and beyond her. To look at her is as fatal as to look at the head of Medusa. It turns the man of science to stone." The characterization of poet-naturalist, given him by one of his warmest friends, would better describe him than the simple "naturalist," but not even this is final. "His principal aim in life was moral and intellectual, rather than artistic. He was an ascetic before he was a poet, and he cuts the deepest in the direction of character and conduct." He certainly was a moralist, with somewhat of the mystic in him. Yet he would be something more than a dry moralist: "Aim above morality. Be not simply good; be good for something. All fables, indeed, have their morals; but the innocent enjoy the story."

The undiscovered kingdom within one's self was always for Thoreau the field for exploration. If he studied nature, it was but as a mirror in which he saw his own soul. "Whether he sleeps or wakes, whether he runs or walks, whether he uses a microscope or a telescope, or his naked eye, a man never discovers anything, never overtakes anything, or leaves anything behind, but himself." And true to this idea is his whole life. His conduct was as himself saw fit; no one ever forced him against his will. "Why should we ever go abroad, even across the way, to ask a neighbor's advice? There is a nearer neighbor within us incessantly telling us how we should behave. But we wait for the neighbor without to tell us of some false, easier way."

Thoreau was a man eminently "preoccupied of his own soul." It is this cultivation of self to the exclusion of others that offers the most justifiable point of attack upon him. Thoreau realized that his mission,

as he saw it, was not as the world would have it. He says, "I must confess I have felt mean enough when I was asked how I was to act on society, what errand I had to mankind. Undoubtedly I did not feel mean without a reason, and yet my loitering is not without a defense. I would fain communicate the wealth of my life to men, would really give them what is most precious in my gift. I would secrete pearls with the shell-fish, and lay up honey with the bees for them. I will sift the sunbeams for the public good. I know no riches I would keep back." His nature was fitted as only one in a thousand for the ideal work he set before himself. He believed that "life should be lived as tenderly and daintily as one would pluck a flower," but above all it must be lived in his own way, and it must have intensity. Love your life, poor as it is, — meet it and live it; do not shun it and call it hard names. It is not so bad as you are. It looks poorest when you are richest. The fault-finder will find fault even in Paradise." Upon himself and his life he made the highest claims. "I wanted to drive life into a corner, and reduce it to its lowest terms, and, if it proved to be mean, why then to get the whole and genuine meanness of it, and publish its meanness to the world; or if it were sublime, to know it by experience." He must not disappoint himself in his highest ideals. Surely it is not selfishness that exclaims:

"Great God! I ask thee for no meaner pelf,
Than that I may not disappoint myself;
That in my conduct I may soar as high
As I can now discern with this clear eye.
That my weak hand may equal my firm faith,
And my life practise more than my tongue saith;
That my low conduct may not show,
Nor my relenting lines,
That I thy purpose did not know,
Or overrated thy designs."

Faith was with Thoreau as great a reality as was his thought. Why not trust with him?

"I will not doubt the love untold
Which not my worth or want hath bought,

Which wooed me young, and woos me old,
And to this evening hath me brought."

He could not endure the man "who ventures to live only by the aid of the mutual insurance company, which has promised to bury him decently," as he has rather piquantly put it.

His Walden episode has often been considered the chief interest of his life. But it was merely an experiment. In as far as it was a revolt against society it was a failure. This was not his main end, however, in his action. He says, "I went to the woods because I wished to live deliberately, to front only the essential facts of life, and to see if I could not learn what it had to teach." It was not his aim to "live cheaply nor dearly there, but to transact some private business with the fewest obstacles." He lived while there the life of a scholar and an author. Besides he was better able there to browes on nature. His simple life was not an end, it was a means. "To what end do I lead a simple life at all, pray? That I may teach others to simplify their lives? and so all our lives be *simplified* merely, like an algebraic formula? Or not, rather, that I may make use of the ground I have cleared, to live more worthily and profitably?"

Thoreau has been described as a man going, for the most part, the other way from that of the eager, money-getting, ambitious crowd, and sharply challenging the passers-by. His natural bent inclined him to this path. The wild had for him a fascination and stimulation that almost savored of the animal, as when he says, "I find in myself an instinct toward a higher, or, as it is named, spiritual life, as do other men, and another toward a primitive rank and savage one, and I reverence them both." Or, again, "We need the tonic of wildness,—to wade sometimes in marshes where the bittern and meadow-hen lurk, and hear the booming of the snipe. At the same time that we are earnest to explore and learn all things, we require that all things be mysterious and unexplorable,—that land and sea be infinitely wild." Sometimes it took a peculiar form: "I sometimes feel that I need to sit in a far-away cave through a three weeks' storm, cold and wet, to tone up my system."

This longing for the wild has an influence upon all his writing. John

Burroughs has phrased this desire for literary wildness in a way that would have pleased Thoreau. "To make an extreme statement, and so be sure that he made an emphatic one, that was his aim. Exaggeration is less to be feared than dullness and tameness. The far-fetched is good if you fetch it swift enough. You must its heels crack — jerk it out of its boots in fact. Cushions are good, provided they are well stuck with pins; you will be sure not to go to sleep in that case. Warm your benumbed hands in the snow; that is a more wholesome warmth than that of the kitchen stove. . . . Sometimes he racked his bones to say the unsayable." Thoreau writes to a friend: "I trust that you realize what an exaggerator I am, — that I lay myself out to exaggerate whenever I have an opportunity, — pile Pelion upon Ossa to reach heaven so. Expect no trivial truth from me, unless I am on the witness stand. I will come as near to lying as you can drive a coach-and-four." His love of hyperbole and paradox is complete, as a few illustrations will show. "Our manners have been corrupted by communication with the saints." "I would not run around the corner to see the world blow up." What visitors were his at Walden, "especially in the morning, when nobody called." "One inconvenience I sometimes experience in so small a house, — the difficulty of getting to a sufficient distance from my guest when we began to utter big thoughts in big words." Often his saying is simply striking, as when he tells of a certain minister who spoke of God as if he enjoyed a monopoly on the subject. Again, "What we need is uncommon schools;" or, "What business have you, if you are 'an angel of light,' to be pondering over the deeds of darkness, reading the 'New York Herald' and the like?"

His views of friendship and society were built upon the ideal, and it is undoubtedly true that he made too high a demand from those who would be his friends. They must climb to his view of life; he could not stoop to them nor allow them to dim his vision.

"I cannot leave my sky
For thy caprice;
True love would soar as high
As heaven is.

The eagle would not brook
Her mate thus won,
Who trained his eye to look
Beneath the sun."

"For a companion I require one who will make an equal demand on me with my own genius. Such a one will always be rightly tolerant. It is suicide and corrupts good manners to welcome any less than this. I value and trust those who love and praise my aspiration rather than my performance. If you would not stop to look at me, but look whither I am looking, and farther, then my education could not dispense with your company." Or, again, "As for the dispute about solitude and society, any society, any comparison is impertinent. It is an idling down on the plain at the foot of a mountain, instead of climbing steadily to the top. Of course you will be glad of all the society you can get to go up with. Will you go to glory with me? is the burden of my song. It is not that we love to be alone, but that we love to soar."

In certain aspects Thoreau seems like some shy wood creature which is fearful of trusting its soft furs to the rough hand of man. Yet combined with this delicacy there is a strength and sturdiness that is one of the most marked characteristics of the man. Burroughs says: "He was, by nature, of the Opposition; he had a constitutional no in him that could not be tortured into yes. He was, as the result of these two tendencies, like "the most fair and fragile of wood flowers on an iron stem."

Thoreau has written in *Walden*: "Drive a nail home, and clinch it so faithfully that you can wake up in the night and think of your work with satisfaction,—a work at which you would not be ashamed to invoke the muse. So will help you God, and so only. Every nail driven should be as another rivet in the machine of the universe." One action of his life "clinches" him as he would clinch the nail. When the whole country was disowning John Brown, then on trial, Thoreau came forward as his defendant by a speech in his native town. His friends, even the abolitionists, sought to dissuade him, but speak for Brown he must, and speak he did. "If this man's acts and words do not create a revival, it will be the severest possible satire on the acts and words that do. It is the best news that

America has ever heard." "Think of him,—of his rare qualities!—such a man as it takes ages to make, and ages to understand; no mock hero, nor the representative of any party. A man such as the sun may not rise upon again in this benighted land; to whose making went the costliest material, the finest adamant, sent to be the redeemer of those in captivity, and the only use to which you can put him is to hang him at the end of a rope!" "Do yourselves the honor to recognize him; he needs none of your respect." Thoreau's hatred of slavery, which led him to refuse to pay a tax to a state that condoned this evil, and to shelter fugitive slaves of the neighborhood, here found voice. It shows his metal. When the time came he did his part, and did it with a fervor that finds an answering vibration in our own hearts.

LEON MONROE CLOSSON.



Cupid Enters the Ball Field.

THE soft June breeze, laden with summer's sweet perfume, fluttered the dainty little ribbons about her throat, and gently disturbed the great red roses in her corsage. Effie Leland had never looked prettier, and this is saying a good deal. Her lovely eyes shone with a new lustre to-day, and her fair cheeks wore an additional bloom. It was a captivating face. There was a brilliant, radiant beauty about it which caused the rest of the audience to cast many an admiring glance in that direction. Several pretty Abbot maids were casting jealous looks toward this fair creature who "had no business here," for she might usurp their queenly charms. The handsome young fellow in the ball suit beside her was evidently her brother. The resemblance was certain. The dignified woman on the left was doubtless her mother, at least so thought the people.

How beautiful the picture was that the Phillips Andover campus presented that afternoon! "What a lovely 'Exeter day'," murmured Miss Effie, as she looked dreamily out over the smooth campus to the verdant hills that walled the western horizon.

The New Hampshire contingent marched upon the field, pretty soon, and massed on the opposite side, their flags of crimson flaunting defiantly toward the blue. A few saucy and exceedingly handsome Exeter girls, bedecked in the red from head to shoe, came up and took seats in the grand stand, beside their sisters of the white and blue. Their manner was careless in spite of the many eyes involuntarily turned upon them. The long line of tally-hos and private traps stood along the north side of the field, one mass of blue and white drapery and little waving ribbons.

The big crowd of Andover men began to form a solid mass of humanity. They soon let out their streamers in the breeze. The police force and the cheering staff took their places with the usual degree of pomposity. That sense of nervousness and constraint which always presages a great athletic contest pervaded both sides. When the warriors of the day walked forth upon their arena of action and were greeted by the ringing Rahs! from their sympathizers, it was a relief to everybody.

Andover's nine that year had been unfortunate. There were a few good individual players, but the team work was horrible. A chapter of troubles and of ill luck had followed them ever since they had first entered the cage in the winter. Many a time had big Captain McMorton knitted his brow and pondered on these things, as he towered up on first.

Miss Leland had heard much about the team, for her brother had caught in every game during the season. The long letters she had received from Andover had stimulated a great anticipation of seeing this trial of the Academy team against a team, their rivals, and in every way their equals.

The men got in position, and Harry Dolan took his place in the box. Effie seemed almost to know this tall, splendid athlete, for Harry's letters were full of words about his beloved chum. She had heard how nervous this pitcher was, and how apt to "rattle," but she hardly believed these sayings as she watched the lithe, symmetrical Harry walk forth to perform before this vast multitude. She had never met this man, indeed, this was the first time she had ever seen him, but she was impressed by the handsome, almost defiant face.

As the crowd watched him take his place, seemingly as unconcerned as if it had been a practice game, they little imagined the feelings beneath those blue P. A. letters.

Harry had glanced up over the bank of beauty in the grand-stand, and had picked out his chum's sister and mother. He had seen Miss Effie, a thousand times more lovely than she looked in that photo. on Harold's bureau, and as their eyes met for a moment her sweet, encouraging, and sympathetic look had given him the steadiness which surprised the assemblage. The last reassuring words had been quietly spoken by Captain McMorton, and Harry was to make his record in the great game of games. Gracefully poising the ball for an instant, his aim took a long sweep, and away flew the ball, straight over the plate, while the Exeter man fanned in vain the atmosphere!

The game went steadily on. It was alarmingly evident that the battery was playing the game. The base-men and fielders fumbled and muffed constantly. They seemed completely disqualified for any accuracy, and

blundered in a manner which seemed hopeless. The pitcher and catcher played as one, a steady, unerring series of beautiful plays.

It was the eighth inning. Exeter's pitcher was in the box for the last time. As he pitched his last ball there was but one pair of blue stockings on a base, and they were only on second. But see! Effie grasps her mother's arm, and excitedly points over there with her score card, for Harry's bat has soundly whacked the ball away over beyond centre field, safely out of reach. A vision of something tearing over the ground, a cloud of dust, and when it has cleared away the by no means dainty form of McMorton's figure reclining peacefully on the home plate — and the tie is broken.

"Andover is ahead! Mamma, look, see! Oh, how lovely!" Effie stood up on her seat and waved her handkerchief with the other wildly excited girls. Then a stupendous roar broke upon the air, and fellows jumped up and hugged each other, convulsed with the joy of that moment. How the myriad flags and ribbons waved!

Harry Dolan took his position for the last time. He felt his nerves weakening under the tension. He was not so accurate with the ball. The last crimson man came to the bat. Another was on second, and Oh, unhappy fate, another was on third. Effie took out her handkerchief to wave it, should that handsome, exceedingly pale fellow in the box strike out the man before him.

Two strikes and three balls! So stood the record. Harry hardly knew where he was, but he placed the ball in his hand and was about to send it, no one knows where, when something closed over his eyes. A villianous little gust of wind had caught a wee, dainty handkerchief from the grand-stand, and had blown it out directly against his cheek. Harry lowered the arm he was about to raise. Then what did the fellow do but deliberately fold up the handkerchief, after he had read the monogram in the corner, and coolly place it in his breast pocket. The Andover crowd was both astonished and horrified. Had the game been too much for Harry's mind? Had all his senses gone when the game lay wavering between victory and defeat?

Harry slowly turned to the grand-stand. Her face was very red, but

her eyes looked straight down into his. He needed no more. Setting his teeth and once more placing the ball, his long arm seemed to rise like the arm of a wind-mill, and the ball went flying over the plate — safe and free from any interference save Harold Leland's big glove. No pen can describe the tumult which followed, as each player was buoyed aloft on willing, eager shoulders, and the great assemblage poured from the campus.

The train was just rolling into the station the next morning, as Harry stood on the platform chatting with Miss Leland, for he had met her the night before after the celebration. The love lights shone from the girl's eyes as she took his hand to say good-bye, and perhaps she allowed him to hold it a trifle longer than was absolutely necessary.

The remaining weeks of study were dull ones. Harry had received the highest honor Phillips athletics could offer him, that of saving the Exeter game. He had also received his "sheep's skin," and was a very happy fellow as he sat with his chum on the 12.20 express that hot afternoon. His mother and sister had come on from Chicago to see him graduate. They all proposed to spend a few weeks at Newport and the Pier. Harry was not loth to recommend the plan for he remembered that Harold had told him that "the folks were going to hang out at Newport this summer, and he guessed he'd have to be there too."

It was the close of a warm summer day. The cool shadows along the cliffs were welcome at twilight, after the heat of the day. It was already evening, and the moon had risen over the dancing waters of the sea.

"I seldom place much faith in the talk about Providence, but don't you think, dear, there was a happy fate about that little lace-trimmed handkerchief, last June?" She looked up into his face with her lovely, trustful eyes, and he held her very close in his arms, and gave her a lover's kiss for answer.

ARTHUR CARLYLE MACK.

The Grammar School System,

Are the Proposed Changes Injurious or Beneficial.

AT a recent meeting the Harvard Faculty of Arts and Sciences passed the following vote: "*Resolved*, That the Faculty believe that the Grammar School Instruction of New England should be improved upon the general lines suggested by the vote of the Association of New England Colleges in New England of Nov. 6, 1891.

That vote is as follows: "The Association of Colleges in New England, impressed with the unity of interest and the need of mutual sympathy and aid throughout the different grades of public education, invites the attention of the public to the following changes in the programme of New England Grammar Schools, which it recommends for gradual adoption.

"1. The introduction of elementary natural history into the earlier years of the programme, to be taught by demonstrative and practical exercises rather than from books.

"2. The introduction of elementary physics into the later years of the programme as a substantial subject, to be taught by the experimental or laboratory method, and to include exact weighing and measuring by the pupils themselves.

"3. The introduction of elementary algebra at an age not later than twelve years.

"4. Plane Geometry not later than thirteen years.

"The offering of opportunities to study French, German, or Latin, or any two of these, from and after the age of ten years.

"The Association suggests that, in order to make room in the programme for these new subjects, the time allotted to arithmetic, geography, and English grammar be reduced to whatever extent may be necessary."

So much for the proposed changes. Let us now discuss their wisdom and their probable effect in case of adoption.

Until thirty years ago a knowledge of classical studies was the one aim of the scholar, but since the birth of science the world has become aware that the pursuit of classical culture only, like the pursuit of any *one* thing, has a narrowing rather than a broadening influence, and that science must be cultivated in order to round out that side of the mind and make a symmetrical whole. But in the eagerness to develop the scientific there is danger of overdoing it at the expense of the classical side, and so bringing about the same one-sided condition that previously existed.

The aim, then, of these proposed changes is to give a proper time and place to both classical and scientific education. If there were no compensating disadvantages, this aim and the feature of oral rather than written, and practical rather than abstruse teaching could leave no doubt in anyone's mind as to the wisdom and efficiency of these changes.

But as there is danger of overdoing the classical at the cost of the scientific education, and vice-versa, is there not also danger of overdoing a combination of these two, to the exclusion of other things that are as important and as educating as things taught in school? And there are such things, things that cannot be learned in school, however practical the methods, but which must be learned by association with men and things in every-day life. The proposers of these changes claim that there will be no appreciable increase of effort necessary on the part of the student, yet one of their arguments in favor of these changes is that the student will accomplish more work and in less time, thus enabling him to begin to earn a livelihood at an earlier age. More work in less time without increase of effort. It *seems* ridiculous, and if it *is* ridiculous, and if more effort *is* required, a thing which it is reasonable to suppose, then this association with men and things must be correspondingly lessened, for the fact that eight children out of ten in the public schools do not attain a per cent of ninety is in itself proof that more work would be too much.

And where is it proposed to make room for these new subjects? By shortening the time allotted to arithmetic, geography, and *English grammar*. If the proposers of these changes knew the way in which the English language is butchered by the ordinary academy student, they would be very unwilling to do anything to decrease the very meagre amount of

English grammar now taught in our public schools. But even if their argument were correct, and more work could be accomplished in less time without increase of effort, what practical advantage would there be?

To some the thought of remaining in the pursuit of an education after the age of twenty-one seems preposterous, yet those who think thus almost always consider college men mere frivolous, reckless boys, and if they are such, then why make matters worse by allowing the colleges to be filled with a still younger and less experienced set of boys? The average man graduates from college before he is twenty-five, and in the majority of cases the mind is not completely formed until that time; but these changes, if adopted, would rear a class of young men whom close confinement to books would have rendered almost unfit for practical life.

True, higher courses might be added so that the student would not get entirely through his university education until the same age at which he now graduates, but if impractical at twenty, and if given no chance to broaden, then impractical at twenty-five. Then, too, youth is the time to get real enjoyment out of life, and to get so firm a belief in its goodness that it will not be uprooted by any trouble that may be experienced later, and if a boy, by reason of having too many or too difficult studies, does not get that belief, he will certainly not acquire it when a man.

What seems conclusive proof of the unwisdom of the changes is the fact that public school teachers in general are strongly opposed to them. The gentlemen of the Association and of the Harvard faculty, though without doubt knowing how to govern universities and colleges in the best possible way, do not necessarily know better methods for the instruction in public schools than do the teachers and supervisors of those schools themselves.

EDWARD W. AMES.

An Evening in the Fem. Sem. Grove.

THE moon was full, and I was — but never mind about that, it brings back such sad recollections. To continue with the scenery, the woods were silvery, and through the branches there shone lights from Draper and Smith Halls. There was also a light or two coming from the homeless houses called English Commons, the name having doubtless arisen from the numerous appeals to "Please excuse my French."

How I happened to go through that breach in the stone wall and enter the holy precincts of the grove, I do not know. All was still, save for the mysterious whisperings of the trees. The wind had evidently set his speed at a moonlight gait, for sighing, he gently caressed me as he passed. I sat down upon a bench, and listened for some friendly sound. None could be heard. I sat perfectly still. Quiet is well enough, I thought, but I wish that there was a noise for a change. "Well Acs, how are you?" came from behind me. "I'm all right, Corns; how's the world treating you?" was the reply. Now I could not see any one, and the last remark came from so near me, that it must have been uttered by some one behind the tree against which I was leaning, at least so I thought. There was, however, no one there. "Pretty well, thanks," the first responded, "but you really must not be so tough. It will be the ruin of you, as green as you are." "Come, come!" the other broke in, "A hard knot like you can't talk. That reminds me. Do you remember when Tom Dickandharry was down here last winter?"

This was becoming altogether too personal. My own name was spoken, and apparently by no one. "Do I? Well, I should bark!" came from the trunk of the tree against which my head was resting. To be sure, I had heard that trees have ears, but I must confess that I was ignorant of their power to speak. "Of course I remember him," it continued; "darndest jay I ever saw. Kindling-wood was pretty steep, so he thought he would help defray the expenses of clearing up the Fem. Sem. grounds by carting off some of the loose wood that had been split and piled up there." "Yes, and the arguments of justification he used!"

the other continued: "The woods were made for man; the axe was made for man's use. The axe had been used by man; all that remained was to have the wood used by man, and he was the man to see that this should be done." "I say," Acs interrupted, "you dropped something!" "Well," the other retorted, "just *leaf* it alone." Stop that! Don't let me catch you punning like that again, or I swear I'll yell for Chestnut to horse you to death." "All right, I'll stop."

As these words were spoken, there was the sound of an electric bell, and lights shining through the trees went out. "There goes the Fem. Sem.," Acs resumed; "Lights out at ten. Those girls are good to practice, as that blowing out at the same second must make them." "Well, Acs, I'll be axed, but I thought you knew more than that! It's a plant they've got in there now. I tell you, we are the stuff! It takes a plant to do it. I don't know just what kind, nor just how it works; but it has the girls down fine. Something like that fellow who was out here so much last summer. You remember?" "Yes, indeed," was the reply. "He held her hand and, looking up at us, said, 'See those lovely oaks! How fond they seem to be of each other! How their arms encircle!' and all the time she was looking, and his arm was encircling, 'and how,' he continued, 'they seem to kiss each other'; and he was just going to kiss her, when she saw somebody coming." Then the other broke in, You remember she started down the walk, and he dropped behind. It looked queer not to see two in front and two behind; but it was the proper thing to do, you know."

"I'll never forget the time when Tom Dickandharry and his friend came by here. Tom was boiling with rage, and his friend could not do anything with him. I remember, we never could find out what was the matter, because all Tom would say was, "Darn the faculty." At this point, it seemed to me, that the tree was talking so loud that it could be heard a mile. What if a member of the faculty should hear? I must have made a noise in my excitement, for neither tree spoke again, though they both hummed to themselves, looking after me as I left the grove.

WILLIAM H. WADHAMS.

Editorials.

THE development of the Phillips Andover Mirror from the Philo Mirror is a natural change. The termly magazine has done its work, and in the course of progress has been outgrown. There are many reasons why the school requires a monthly. The termly, with the form of an annual, could not favorably be compared with annuals of other schools, for there was but the labor of one term upon it. The termly had not room within its covers either for all the statistical features of an annual, or for many forms of literary work. The literary part is now comprised in this monthly, the statistical features will appear in an annual to be published by the members of Philo. The Philomathean Society has given up the old name and the literary part of the "Mirror," in order that the school might reap the benefit of this change. Their action was a wise one, for, as an essential part of the school, Philo also is benefitted. Nevertheless, it was a sacrifice, and the society should be lauded for their action.

As a son about to enter upon a larger sphere of action leaves his home, so the "Mirror" bids farewell to Philo. No longer under the guardianship of its parent, it becomes a part of the whole school. May Philo, however, still aid the Mirror as a friend. In the past the society has cared for the magazine, so that it never had to be ashamed of it. Now may the monthly make such a mark for itself that the school shall take pride in its new organ.

Phillips *can* maintain a literary monthly, perhaps not a sun of literary light; but a hope is ours that some may say of it, "How far that little candle throws its beams!" Let the school show itself noble in letters. Let *The Phillips Andover Mirror* be an inspiration for literary work, so that through it many great men may find the first acknowledgment of their worth. In order to live, exercise is necessary. Thought must be

exercised. Do not let your dormant powers die, but rouse them, and bring them to this Gymnasium of letters, that you may be strong in literature.

The purpose of this magazine is, in the first place, to bring out what literary talent there is in the school. This does not mean that we wish to have manuscript by the pound. The rag-man could find better use for it. But one well written article tips the scale on account of its worth, not weight. A five dollar gold piece is not to be compared with four silver dollars either in quantity or weight; but who will not make the exchange.

Secondly, it is the purpose of the "Mirror" to train men for college. Phillips looks with pride upon her boys, whom she has trained in studies and athletics, for as college men they have often distinguished themselves. The college papers are becoming more and more important in the college life of to-day. The "Mirror" should so train the sons of old P. A. that not only in college, but in later life, when athletics are given over to the younger generation, they may be prominent in literature.

Thirdly, the Alumni are here to find an opportunity to speak to the school and their associates. Besides these intentions, it is the purpose of this magazine, inasmuch as every effort produces character, to offer an opportunity not only for the expression of what nobility of character there is in the school, but also to create such nobility.

The Board of Editors take great pleasure in announcing the election of E. W. Ames, L. M. Closson, A. C. Mack, and J. W. Lewis as the first members of the contributing board. All competitors for this board must hand their articles to one of the editors or deposit them in the Mirror box in the lower hall on or before Monday, May 16.

The Month

THE Glee and Banjo Clubs never have had a more successful season than the past one. The numerous difficulties met with early in the year were in a measure overcome by faithful practice and the diligence of the leaders.

Two public concerts were given; one in Lowell on March 3d, and the Andover concert of March 21st. The latter was greeted by one of the largest audiences ever assembled in the Town Hall, and their acceptance of the music was highly gratifying to the members of both clubs. The outlook for next year's work is very promising.

The Orchestra has commanded more than usual interest this year. The selections given at the Winter Tournament were especially well rendered.

It was with deepest regret that the School received the notice that Professors Coy and Comstock will leave Andover next Fall, to take charge of the new Yale Preparatory School at Lakeville, Connecticut. The loss will be keenly felt in both the Greek and the Latin departments. Professor Coy is to be head master and Professor Comstock head associate of the new institution.

The Base Ball Team has passed through the usual training and weeding out, and is now in condition for steady work. The suits will be provided by Horace Partridge and Co. of Boston. The following men have been measured: Murphy, Crawford, Millard, Greenway, Colgate, Paige, Donovan, Hutchinson, Hedges, and Duncan.

Mr. Luce, P.A. 87, W. '91, who is now studying at the Theological Seminary, has been engaged to coach the team during part of the season.

The following are the scores of the Base Ball games played thus far: April 2, Harvard 26, Phillips 0; April 7, Tuft's College 13, Phillips 8; April 9, Methuens 4, Phillips 1; April 13, Haverhill 7, Phillips 4; April

16, Haverhill Association 1, Phillips 0; April 20, Boston College 4, Phillips 2; April 23, Phillips 15; Newburyport 10.

A gold medal has been offered by Mr. John N. Cole to the man making the highest batting average in games played on the campus. A sacrifice hit is to be counted the same as a base hit in making up the average, and only such men as either play or are substitutes in the Exeter game shall be qualified to receive the medal.

The Athletic Team has begun regular training in anticipation of the annual meet with Exeter. The running track is in fairly good condition.

There has been some talk of building a cottage on the upper campus for the athletic team. If the house were built it would remove a long felt want, but the funds required are too large to be raised immediately.

The new Science Building is fast nearing completion, but as yet no definite time can be fixed for its formal opening. When finished, it will compare very favorably with almost any other laboratory in the country, and will doubtless excel the greater part of them. Professor Graves has the work in charge, and has exercised great care in selecting the apparatus necessary for his department.

It is to cost upwards of forty thousand dollars, and will contain the physical and chemical laboratories, together with two recitation-rooms and a large drawing-room. Space has also been promised for the Academy reading-room and for a photographic dark room.

Merrill and Cutler of Lowell are the architects, and have certainly planned an ideal building for our needs.

The twenty-fifth annual Means Prize Speaking occurred on the evening of Thursday, April 21. The successful speakers were W. H. Wadhams, A. T. Robinson, and L. T. Hildreth. It is encouraging to note that the interest in this contest is growing rapidly.

Clippings.

SPECULATION VS. EMPERECISM.

Said he, "Your lips look delicious."

And she in sweet, blushing confusion,
Made answer both wise and capricious,
"Pray, draw no such hasty conclusion."

Williams Weekly.

A PROBLEM.

They met at a party;
'T was love at first sight.
The two were made one
In just a fortnight.
Repenting at leisure,
As wiser it grew,
In just half a year
The one was made two.
That two are made one
By division, 'tis true,
But how by division
Can one be made two.

Williams Weekly.

EVOLUTION.

On Sunday morn he wore a simple knot,
Because his shirt had neither crease nor
spot.
On Monday morn he donned a four-in
hand,
For reasons you will shortly understand.
On Wednesday morn he wore a mon-
strous puff,
For reasons we may fancy good enough.
Thereafter in a sweater he was clad,
For he had just one shirt per week.
How sad!—*Williams Weekly.*

THE REASON WHY.

The Romans called a hill a *colla*;
We call a linen frill a collar;
For a very steep hill,
Or a roughly starched frill,
Will put anyone in a choler:

Amherst Student.

COMPLETED.

"Oh, what a tangled web we weave
When first we practise to deceive."
But when we've the thing a while
Our great success would make you smile.

Harvard Lamppoon.

AN OBSERVATION.

I searched the world around me
To find the lucky chaps,
And saw that men with kodaks
Are those who get the "snaps."

Brunonian.

OH!

There's no end of fun,
Now and then, in a pun,
But yet
Anyone
Who will pun upon "pun"
Should be pungently punished,
For that's overdone,
You bet!—*Brunonian.*

A PROPHECY OF SUCCESS.

A poet once his writings found
In calf and rich morocco bound.
He gladly cried, "In books like these
I now my rhymes are *bound* to please."

Brunonian.

Mirage.

ONE night last winter, when the mercury was exploring the depths below zero, I was preparing to cross the campus, when I seemed to hear someone speaking. The sound certainly came from the Laboratory. This was what I heard:

"You great shanty, what on earth are you good for?"

Another voice seemed to issue from the Grand-stand. It said, "Well, well, well! People in glass houses had better keep their stones down cellar. What are you, anyway, but an old barn all full of tables and ill-smelling bottles? I, half of the year at least, am full of excitement. Fair visitors throng my tiers."

"The science of chemistry does not concern itself with emotions," sourly remarked the Laboratory, "nor do I, either."

"No," broke out the Grand-stand, "you don't know enough. You simply block up the path to the ball-field. You —"

Crack! Snap! A bottle in the Laboratory burst.

"Accursèd cold!" cried the latter. "Here's a bottle of my precious VM₄ gone to perdition."

"Yes indeed," said the Grand-stand, "how I hate this cold! So long as it lasts no one will even look at me."

I could not stop to hear more, but the janitor, who passed by just before dawn,

assures me that he heard them still vigorously denouncing the cold, and that when the first ray of the sun warned them to be silent, they were in the most perfect accord imaginable. H. B. F.

He was looking at my glasses,
That he'd never seen before;
Thinking, likely, of those asses —
Though it cuts me rather sore

To suppose he lumped such fellows in
with me,
To admit he got such cads mixed up
with me!

But a dreamy look came o'er him.
"Got to wear 'em all the while?"

What a pity!" Stared before him,
Doubtless saw they suit my style;

Asked me vaguely, "Is it on account
yer eyes?"

Asked, unthinking, "What, is't on ac-
count yer eyes?"

A. T. R.

Tried for the Draper the other day.
Hadn't heard of it? No. Let not your
right hand know when your left hand
gets left. That's my motto! You know
how it is. You walk up and down the
hall, trying to remember where you hung
your *blasé* smile last time it was used,
while the other fellow chews the rag
over in No. 9. Then, just when you've
worked up a fine, airy composure, some-
body who has been there before comes
up with, "There, there! don't grieve so,

dear! You are young. Your constitution will see you through all right!" He did that to me! But just then the door of the Chamber of Horrors opened and released its victim. My turn was next.

In some mysterious way I found myself inside on the platform, a dark whirl of objects in front, with now and then a pair of spectacles, through which gleamed two horrid eyes. Then some far-away, hollow voice began to speak — my piece! I really felt annoyed! But what could I do? From neck to knees such a gone-ness that I dared not look below, fearing, lest, in my haste, I had left the included parts over in No. 8.

My arms were still there, and soon began to swing in concert with the voice. The suspense was awful! But ever the voice rose higher and the arms swung harder yet, when suddenly I felt myself lunge forward into the darkness, and — Eh? Fainted? Oh, no! Just leaned a bit too far forward on the impassioned attitude, you know. Well, doesn't take much to ruin a man's standing in this school.

A. T. R.

Did you see me out on the run with the athletic team the other day? Well, you missed it. I'll tell you all about it. You see I had to get dressed before the last recitation so as to be ready to start on time. Accordingly, I borrowed my room-mates foot-ball pants, put on an old pair of tennis shoes and a dirty sweater, and started. Met some "Fem. Sems." on the way, whom I happened

to know. Just as I was about to bow to them, a little Lawrence gamin, probably not realizing the delicacy of the situation, cried out, "Aw, you, look at the legs." To think of it, my beautiful calves slandered in that way. In recitation everybody — but never mind.

After school we started, about thirty of us. We went down Main Street on a brisk walk. It seemed easy enough to keep up, and I walked right along in the front rank. Was just beginning to congratulate myself on my endurance, and to commiserate the poor fellows, who were lagging in the rear, when "All up! Now, brisk fellows!" sounded from the long-legged leader by my side. Whew! how we did run. Mile a minute I should think. Somehow there seemed to be something the matter with me. My breath came and went like a steam engine. My sides and shoulders began to ache, and the heels of my shoes seemed to be very fond of the ground. The poor fellows in the rear got ahead of me in some way, but I stuck it out for a few seconds, trying to get my second wind.

"Hallo there! hurry up!" "Don't go so fast!" I was sitting on the curbstone with a crowd of little boys around me, kindly informing me that I had stopped or had lost my wind. One little rascal said that he had seen my second wind a little ways ahead of me, and that I might have caught it if I had gone a little farther. Luckily I met the team again a little ways from school, and

finished up in fine style, the freshest of the lot. Won't you go with me to-morrow?

N. A. S.

How pleasant it is to stroll about, kodak in hand, and take snap-shots of anything that attracts our attention. It may be a crowd of street gamins or a lovely face or some striking natural object. Whatever it is, there is something fascinating in the idea that *nolens aut volens*, we have its picture. It has been said that even the humblest things contain a moral for man. Let us search for the grain of gold in this heap of sand. We cannot carry a kodak around all the time, but we do have ears and eyes and a mind in which to store up what both acquire. Therefore we have taken for our subject "The Kodak Gallery of the Mind."

We are so often admonished to observe what is going on about us that we will not dwell on that side of the question. But let us keep our eyes open in another sense. Let us observe not merely facts, but also causes; not only deeds, but doers. For such observation there is no more favorable place than at school. Here we meet the fellows on a common plane of naturalness. Sooner or later all gloss wears off, and a fellow is seen in his true colors. Here, therefore, is the place to get that knowledge of human character, which in the future will prove a safeguard against evil companionship and an aid towards the rearing of the coming generation.

Wherever we are, we should study the persons we meet. This one is ill-tempered. Let his image be placed in our "mind's gallery" as a warning, that we may, day by day, keep our dispositions from getting soured and ill-tempered. That one is selfish. Put his image in a prominent place.

But if we are to guard against faults, we are also to cultivate virtues. So in our "gallery" let the good and true traits of character be placed in the strongest light. Thus may we build up our characters and approach more nearly to the "stature of the perfect man." So shall we get the most good out of school life, and thus may we store the "Kodak Gallery of the Mind" with character views for our lasting good.

J. R. McDONALD.

Little Charlie was a very precocious child, fond of reading his brother Edward's books. His mind was quite retentive, and he sometimes made queer mistakes in the use of phrases which he had heard. A short while ago he was sick with the grip and was very uncomfortable. His mother, who was very fond of him, distressed by his unhappy look, asked what she could do for him.

"Mamma, I wish you would get me an aspect."

"An aspect, why, what do you mean?"

"Why, one of Edward's books says that 'he had an aspect of ease and comfort'."

N. A. S.

Grinds.

"He is proud that he is noble."

Hickman.

Under her hat glowed the wealth
Of simple beauty and rustic health.

A Fem. Sem.

"Full studious knight he seemed,
And well did flirt,

As one with Cupid's arrows the
Maidens' hearts to hurt."

Eagle.

"The Autocrat of the Breakfast
Table."

My landlady's buckwheat cakes.

I ride you by night, I ride you by day,
I ride you e'en though the snow befog
my way.

Green to his high wheel.

How sweet it is to prattle, whistle, bray
My automatic mouth the livelong day.

J. N. Bliss.

My heart did ache
As though 't would break,
For 't was the dreaded hour of recitation.
My brow I fanned,
My watch I scanned,
And waited for the time of liberation.

I heard my name,
And at the same
Moment I quietly rose, for — do not
doubt it —

Quite well I knew
My lesson through.
You see I'd had — ahem — some help
about it.

My eyes I raised,
And upward gazed,
Hoping to catch a sudden inspiration.

But my hair rose,
My vitals froze,
My lips produced a whispered imprecation.

I saw a sight
Appalling quite,
Laocoon, shameless, innocent of vestures;

Two serpents grim
Devouring him,
In spite of all his agonizing gestures.

My voice was weak;
I could not speak.
A heartless comrade slyly whispered,
"flunk."

My thoughts had fled;
My hopes were dead.
Mournfully down into my seat I sunk.

I saw a hand
With movement bland
Inscribe a great dark E upon the book
before it.

My teeth I ground
In rage profound,
And sadly, silently, sat and bore it.

The hour is past,
And now at last
I seized my cap, and hastened toward
the door.

Now I delight,
When I recite,
To look for inspiration at the floor.

"Tush! Tush! beware of boys with bugs."
Natural History Society.

"A calm voice says 'sleep!'
And he sleeps. He is sleeping."
Mercer in Botany.

The impossible has happened.
A two-minute cut from "Commy."

Let us, then, be up and eating,
With a heart for any fate.
Still "a-chewing," still desiring,
Learn to eat and learn to wait.
Song of Commons.

Always on time. *Haste.*

The night is come, but not too soon,
For stealing silently,
All silently, the restive boys
Drop down from windows high.

There is a wail from English Commons.

Hark! so fearful and so low!
But it's only a little discord
From the cornet of "our Joe."

She's my Fem. Sem.,
I'm her cad;
She's my lassie,
I'm her lad.
When Abbot she leaves,
No more rules will part
My little Fem. Sem.
And her sweetheart.

N. B.—It has been intimated that the above is an adaptation, but after careful investigation the "Editors" find that nothing similar has ever been published.

Five minutes to eight.

Ring, ring! Ring, ring! Awake! Awake!
Ding ding! Ding ding! Thy slumbers
break.

Rub not thy eyes
In such surprise.

Thy dreams are o'er. Up, up! Arise!
Rush on thy clothes. Be not so slow.
Awake to one more day of woe.

Eight.

Bolt thy breakfast! Swallow! Swallow!
Ten more minutes yet to follow.

Ram! Ram!
Cram! Cram!

Bread and butter, oatmeal, jam.

Poke down
That bun!
Choke! Choke!
Run! Run!

Five minutes past eight.

Ring! Ring!
Ding! Ding!
Hurry! Hurry!
Scurry! Scurry!
Blow! Blow!
Go! Go!

Why on earth are you so slow!

Hush! Hush
That sigh!
Rush! Rush!
Fly! Fly!

The trembling student, out of breath,
With throbbing brow, and pale as death,

In anxious air
Climbeth the stair,

And dares to hope, "I will be there."
But all too soon. The porter grim
Shuts tight the door. Alas for him!

Leaves from Phillips Ivy.

In order to make this department as interesting as possible to both alumni and students, the alumni are solicited to send any information concerning the recent actions of the sons of Phillips.

'24.—Oliver Wendell Holmes has recently written a poem that was read at the dinner given to Edward Everett Hale, D.D., in honor of his 70th birthday, on April 18.

'47.—Hon. Wm. W. Crapo, of New Bedford, Mass., has been appointed one of the delegates at large to the Republican National Convention.

'54.—The Rev. Ed. G. Porter responded for the Trustees of Abbot Academy at the breakfast recently given at the Vendome in Boston, in honor of Miss McKeen.

'61.—Prof. J. W. Churchill presided at the same banquet.

'65.—Rev. Frederic Palmer had an article in "The Andover Review" for April, 1892, on "The Contribution of the Episcopal Church to Modern Religious Life."

'71.—Charles Isham recently married a daughter of ex-Secretary Bayard.

'79.—Marcus Morton was chairman of the judges at the Means prize speaking, held April 21, 1892.

'80.—Clinton Ross has recently published a book called "Improbable Tales."

'82.—Geo. R. Carpenter, H. '86, associate professor of English in the Massa-

chusetts Institute of Technology, has recently published a second edition of his text-book on Rhetoric.

'82.—Wm. M. Fullerton, now in charge of the Paris office of the "London Times," has published a book called "In Cairo."

'82.—The Rev. Allen E. Cross has been called to be the pastor of the Congregational Church at Cliftondale, Mass.

'83. Dr. Franklin S. Palmer, H. '87, has gone to Seattle, Washington, where he is now practising medicine.

'84.—Arthur M. Little, B.A. (Yale '88), B.D. (Yale '91), married Miss Marian Percival Keene, Abbot Academy '84. He is now studying abroad.

'84.—C. T. Sempers has been called to be the first pastor of a recently formed Unitarian church at Ashville, N. C.

'84.—Henry G. Bruce, H. '88 published recently a life of Gen. Oglethorpe and a life of Sam Houston in Dodd, Mead & Co.'s "Makers of America."

'87.—John L. Dodge, H. '91, President of the Harvard Republican Club, made a fine address before the Republican Club of Massachusetts in Music Hall.

'87.—H. H. Tweedy and W. P. Graves, both Yale '91, are teaching in the Hill School, Pottstown, Penn.

'89.—Sidney E. Farwell, H. '93, is much praised by the Boston papers for his singing in the Hasty Pudding Club play.

Books.

AN INTERESTING NOVEL.

Nowadays the discovery of a really good novel is of comparatively rare occurrence. To my thinking, however, we have such a book in a story entitled "The Little Minister." It is a story of Scottish life at the present time, written by a man unknown as yet to many American readers, Mr. Barrie, a Scotchman. The tale describes the life of a young minister, and his dealings with the simple villagers in a hamlet in the Lowlands. The peculiarities and foibles of these simple folk appear on almost every page, in a way that is all the more amusing because of the entire earnestness and sincerity which produced them. The whole story has an air of naturalness which is obtained through the thorough knowledge of the Scotch, which it is possible for only a Scotchman to have.

The love of the minister for a young gypsy girl, known as "the Egyptian," is the main incident of the book. On this all the genius of the author is brought to bear, and the story of its growth and avowal to a horror-struck audience is like a torrent of lava pouring out from a snow-capped mountain. It is very real. Perhaps the most thrilling scene is contained in the chapter describing the young fellow's struggle on the island in the swollen rivers. One can really see the yellow wall of water sweep down the valley, and pound and thunder against

that fearfully small ledge until the earth crumbles and tumbles down into the tawny fury and is gone. And all the while the rain falls and the waters roar and hiss, and the man prays. It is a story well worth reading, and that nowadays, is quite a recommendation.

C. P. K.

ETHICS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

Although every one of us is compelled to face at every turn some question of right or wrong, there are comparatively few young people who have made any study of ethics. Perhaps the principle reason for this lack of information in this important branch of our education is the lamentable lack of interesting books on this subject. Most treatises on ethics are so scientific and complete that the mind fails to grasp their meaning readily, and so they appear to many very dull reading.

Mr. Everett, however, has succeeded in putting some of the elements of the science in a very readable and attractive manner. The style is clear and forcible, and the method of treatment makes the book interesting to both old and young. In its pages one may learn many useful lessons and not feel that he is reading a sermon. When the reader has finished the book, as he surely will if he once fairly commences it, he is quite strongly tempted to go farther into the study of ethics.

N. A. S.



RAY

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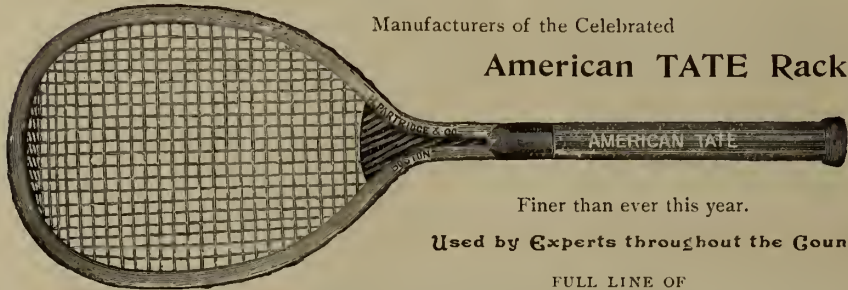
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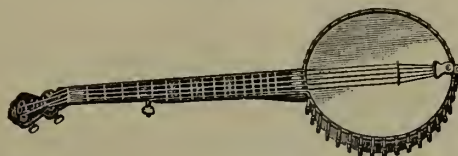
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JUNE, 1892.

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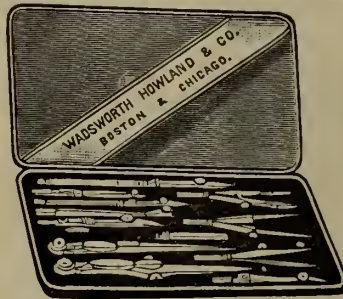
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From the Contributing Board, will be filled all vacancies arising from time to time on the Editorial Staff.

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Yale.

TO a loyal Yale graduate the subject of Yale is a very broad and full one. Amid all the fond recollections and associations that crowd on his memory of the four probably happiest years of his life, he knows little where to begin, and still less where to stop. Perhaps, however, I can best give an idea of the life at Yale by saying what I can of the well-known "Yale Spirit." Describe it, I cannot, for to the uninitiated it is something mysterious and indefinable; but I can speak briefly of some things that engender this wonderful feeling of loyalty which is so affectionately termed the "Yale Spirit."

Yale is a little world all by itself. Its campus has few of the beauties of the classic shades of Harvard Square or the green lawns of Princeton. The buildings are huddled closely together under a few gigantic elm trees, and the grass is so badly worn as to merit the often applied simile of a chicken yard. Homely though the college be externally, yet the very proximity of the buildings makes possible a remarkably close community of feeling, nowhere else equalled. Everybody knows everybody else on the campus, and classmates meet one another with an air of hearty informal familiarity that is refreshing. Many, many ties of friendship are made that are the firmest in a man's life.

Thus too is made possible that unique institution the famous Yale fence, where friend sits shoulder to shoulder with friend till late on summer evenings, singing college songs, or talking earnestly over the events of college interest, or pouring into sympathetic ears confidences of personal failures or successes. The fence is the most dearly cherished of all the traditions that cluster about the college, for Yale is eminently a place of traditions. How the graduates love to recall the exciting incidents of some Freshman rush, or the extravagances of a Washington birthday, or the wild hilarity of some Omega Lamda Chi night, or the childish pleasures of "nigger baby" and top-spinning, in which the seniors are wont to indulge. They will talk to you by the hour of the glorious deeds of the famous athletes who immortalized themselves in the grand old days when *they* were in college. Old and time-worn as the stories are, the undergraduate never tires of hearing them over and over.

Yale has gotten to be naturally mentioned in the same breath with athletics, and rightly, too; for there is no more healthy and manly influence in college than this same intense enthusiasm for athletics. Her sons feel proud of her past successes in the field, while these successes are themselves due to the unfailing loyalty of her graduate athletes of renown, who are willing each year to sacrifice their business to return to college and coach some team to victory.

The accusation often made that study is discouraged at Yale is not a fair one, and is not true. It arises from the fact that a Yale man values *equally* with his book-learning the peculiar advantages that the college offers of making many friends, and the healthy and useful training of close companionship with other men, and the general wholesome influence of the so-called Yale spirit. The tendency is to develop all the best qualities of a man, not only his brain, but also his body, his heart and his affections. In other words, Yale aims to turn out young men of *character*, or as the college man would say, men with "good stuff" in them.

Perhaps a word of advice would not be out of the way to those of you who intend to go to Yale. Andover men have a tremendous advantage in the start over the majority of freshmen, thus making your responsibility the greater. During your entire course you will be closely watched and given

full credit for success or failure. No grander opportunity will ever be given you for taking advantage of and developing your natural capabilities. Make up your mind from the start that you will earn the proud title of a good "Yale man," which is nothing more nor less than a synonym for a Christian gentleman with a good clear brain and a strong, healthy body.

William P. Graves.

Two Songs.

A dead cold sky that crowned the drowsy world,
An endless waste of mead, all dun and drear,
Whose vista, to the nerveless eye unfurled,
Lay calm in leaden silence, far and near.
This summer noon—the quick or dead among
I cannot tell—where dim a mighty shelf
Of rock lowered grimly, still I lay and sung
The song of Love and Death, and soothed myself,
Sinking in human woes a tiny delf.

But as I sang and wept, before my gaze
Arose a maid, majestic, violet-eyed,
With fair, bright locks like tender silks of maize,
And cheeks of pale North apples, sunset-dyed.
Out from her fragrant robe she stretched one arm
And touched my eyes with fingers life-imbued,
Till through me flowed her purpose, strong and calm,
And I, as god that tastes ambrosial food,
Arose and felt and saw and lived, renewed.

Ah, then a thousand living forms sped by
Of birds and insects, busy o'er the ground,
Or doing God's own errands in the sky.
I looked, and lo! wide fields of maze had browned ;
Beyond them, higher still, the golden wheat
Up to the foot-hills stretched its wavy mere,
Where mountain vines with ruby grapes were sweet.
And men and maidens, toiling, carolled clear.
O'er all their lays one weird plaint smote my ear.

AIR.

Have I, then, to toil for thee?
Can thy songs bring strength to me?
Winnest thou from land or sea
Worth of bread by minstrelsy?
Tell me that!

I must delve in earth to-day
And to-morrow rest in clay.
Finds your vaunted mind, I say,
Means to wash the stains away?
Tell me that!

Then, as I bowed my head and wept for shame,
The maid, majestic, violet-eyed, my guide,
Led toward the busy fields, ignoring blame,
And set me at the task wherein I bide.
Thus toiling, cheered by her ethereal smile,
I'll earn — my pride — a place among the throng.
When home at rosy eve content we file,
Comrades may hear, perchance, some little song
Of Love and Work to cheer their steps along.

Archer T. Robinson.

Art in Amateur Photography.

“IT is comparatively easy to take photographs, is it not?” The foregoing question was asked recently, and coming unexpectedly as it did, a complete and yet concise answer could not at once be made. Had the question been : isn't it easy to make an exposure, the answer is simple enough — nothing could be easier, but to combine the effects of nature harmoniously, so as to make a real picture is something entirely different.

For an illustration take a pleasing bit of landscape and let ten persons photograph it in turn. Now in nearly every instance, not more than two pictures of really artistic merit will be obtained, though mechanically speaking, every one of the negatives may be faultless. The reason is the lack of culture or the absolute deficiency of the artistic element in the persons themselves. Look carefully at one of the two negatives which we have chosen. A bend in the river is the principal feature of the view. Yes, and just across do you notice that little white cottage nestling into the side of that hill? See in the far distance that bald old mountain capped with heavy clouds, and just here by the river-bank an abandoned skiff with one broken oar. On the right yonder appears a dark forest, and in the edge of the stream a cow stands drinking.

On the whole there is something pleasing about the effect — an inexpressible something that affords the eye a sense of completeness. The mind, quite captivated by the harmony of the scene, drinks in contentedly its pleasing features, wondering wherein lies its peculiar charm, and finally, even with a sense of reluctance, turns away.

Now look at this picture for a moment. Well, it is good, — pretty in fact as any landscape; but there is nothing striking about it, consequently the eye wanders on immediately to something else. Only a moment ago we were looking at a view from which the eye almost refused to turn, and more strange still, the subjects were essentially the same. Notice first the river. A curved line is always one of beauty, but here the stream has been almost wholly ignored, so one sees only the unyielding bank at the outset. Observe that the cottage, instead of occupying its

little niche as a painting in a studio, now as an article in a crowded garret counts merely as one more object in the perspective, and worse still, being outlined against the sky, a lighter background, makes the effect far from pleasing. To be sure, here in the foreground stands a large oak tree ; but even this cuts off the view of the distant mountain and makes the scene almost tiresome, especially when looking from the former picture upon this.

If your experience is that of the latter picture, do not be discouraged. Who knows what talent lies dormant within, if you will but seek it out and encourage it ? This artistic element is oftentimes a natural gift, but it is also one which in most cases may be acquired. There is scarcely a person whose eye will not voluntarily tell him at a glance the difference between abundance and want, between a neat apartment where everything fills its place with natural ease and grace, and one whose arrangement is of the happy-go-lucky order.

The artistic element then, is only this same faculty educated and polished to a higher degree of sensitiveness. Like a precious stone, the polishing requires time, patience and perseverance.

After the theoretical side try the practical. When you see a landscape which you wish to photograph, "don't pull up and shoot it on the wing," but make a careful study of it in detail. Having determined upon a position, focus first in one direction, then a few degrees to the right or left, as the case may be, thus taking advantage of the different effects of the light upon your subject.

Get upon that boulder yonder if the perspective is more satisfactory from that stand-point, even climb a tree if necessary — no matter so long as you gain your point. I once knew a gentleman who was very enthusiastic in his work, and really some of his productions were marvels. One of his works in particular was especially noteworthy, and the only place from which it was possible to obtain it was the top of an oak tree, eighty feet from the ground.

There are many places in and about Andover which afford ample scope for the exercise of talent in this direction. Go to Den Rock, Ballard Vale, along the Shawsheen, to Haggetts' Pond, Sunset Rock, and Prospect Hill,

even Indian Ridge and the Old Railroad are not to be despised, and study carefully each detail before making an exposure. See how much more enjoyment will be derived at the time, and how afterward, the pictures will give a new pleasure whenever you look at them, because in one sense they are your own, the product of your own composition.

With a few trials like these, the eye will become trained, so that the exact location for your camera will suggest itself at once. Just in proportion as one puts his mind thoroughly into the work and does his very best each time with the subject at hand, in like proportion will his interest and pleasure be increased and his resources strengthened.

Frank T. Hooker.

Desire.

THERE came a youth from isle of sunny sea,
Who flashed on Europe like a flame of fire,
And summoned manhood's kingship to aspire
To be the arbiter of destiny.
He rose to unmake kingdoms; then to be,
In fierce and wildly passionate desire,
The prince of despots;—yet uprose the higher
God's quenchless light of human liberty.

There came within my life a hunger deep;
A thirst of life and soul, a deep desire
For the high life, in view, yet unattained.
In-flows the taint of self; the passions leap
To deaden life's best soul,—yet all conspire
To drive me Godward, to love, pure, unfeigned.

Olean.

Captain Zeph.

IF you had been standing with me on a little rocky headland that looks out over Long Island Sound at its prettiest part, you would have seen, far in the distance, a remarkable little vessel, that, now this way and now that, was lazily taking her course. Her manner seemed to find a welcome in my own feelings, as I lazily watched the movements of these children of the sea. Just as, an unseen but privileged observer, I had often watched through an open window in my office the people passing by, some of them business associates, others strangers, their little peculiarities amusing me long after they had passed from my view, perhaps till I should come to know them as friends. Before me the great steamer "Puritan" moved stately and steadily onward, as portly as a judge on his way to the bench, or a bishop to his desk, disdaining to look about him, as if the burden of the state rested on his shoulders. A noisy, splashing steam-tug, a very busy, bustling citizen, was pushing a cargo of cattle who viewed the labor as complacently as if they, too, were aware that many a friend pushes on a bit that he may have an opportunity for blowing and puffing over his gratuitous labor. Yonder, where the bay makes in, several yachts rocked and dipped, decked out in new rigging, for all the world like some friends of mine who, dressed in yachting costume, ramble about the park when it is not too hot. Then there were numberless sloops and homely schooners which were meekly doing the hard and humble work that falls to the majority in this practical life of ours.

It was a busy, charming scene, but when I had completed the circuit of the horizon I turned again to look for my old-fashioned craft, and caught sight of her just as she was making the point where the course leads up to the harbor. After this I often watched for her as she made her trip outward in the morning and returned about evening of the next day. Where she went or what she did I did not know until one day I rode over to port and made the acquaintance of Captain Zephaniah Bitgoode, whom I found aboard the "Jane Eyre."

Captain Bitgoode was not one of your tall, prim, clean-shaven, nicely

uniformed masters which you see on the excursion steamers, but quite the reverse ; short, stout, round-shouldered, clad in an old, faded blouse that had still a trace of an anchor on it, and a greasy cap pulled down over a droll-looking face covered with a white beard cut close, except at the sides, where a few long, white hairs grew about as they chose.

His crew was not a large one, so small a boat had no need of one : Z. Bitgoode, master, first mate, pilot, and purser ; Dan'l Larson, second mate and assistant pilot ; " Tim," deck hand. This was exactly as enumerated by Captain Zeph. Three trusty men, worth a dozen land-heelers. Dan'l had sailed over that very course for fifteen years or more, and Tim as much as a dozen. They had to be trustworthy, for the mission of the " Jane Eyre " was to take the United States mail from port across the sound to Shelter Island. In addition, she sometimes carried supplies for the Light Ship, or for people on the island, — well-known friends of the Captain.

For nearly forty years Zeph. had been in the same employ, Z. Bitgoode & Co., Shelter Island. Zeph. owned the vessel every bit, from keel to bow. When he had first bought her he had invested some of his wife's money ; but she had died long before the Captain was gray and round-shouldered and careless, and the money was left in trust to their little daughter. She was the junior member of Z. Bitgoode & Co. The earnings were carefully apportioned, and what was due to the Company Zeph. placed in safe investment. Long before the little girl could remember he used to take her once, at least, during the pleasant season with him on his trip, a joint voyage of inspection. This custom did not stop with years, it was yet in vogue. To Zeph. this one trip was more than a business matter. He was not sentimental, but he looked forward to this day eagerly. He saw his child frequently enough between voyages ; he made no ado about her. But this day, the day of the month that he had brought his young wife to the mainland on their wedding visit among his friends, he had chosen for the excursion of which he was so fond. When she was little he would take her on his lap, just at evening after the rough sea was passed, and as they sailed up past the headland he was often seen sitting by the tiller, looking into her baby face. Zeph. carried

no locket or faded portrait, for in the eyes of the child he saw her mother's picture.

She was now quite a young lady, and as Zeph. felt age creeping upon him he planned for her future comfort. He thought he would give her to Dan'l. Dan'l was a good seaman, knew the course as well as he himself did, careful, prudent; in what better hands could he trust his own and his daughter's ship? Dan'l was upright, too, nothing wayward about him, honest, sober, had attended church for years on the island. And, beside, he thought that Dan'l had always liked her. So he had planned it. But the daughter did not share her father's views. She was never disobedient, her joy was to care for his whims, from singing the latest ditty to preparing his favorite boiled mackerel. Her zeal had not lessened, she even tried the harder to amuse him, but she carefully avoided every approach to the subject that the Captain very much wanted to speak of, and that his daughter exceedingly dreaded.

Zeph. had noticed this, and when the manoeuver was repeated once, twice, frequently, he became sad and troubled. What was the matter with the girl? He thought it couldn't be that she was setting herself against her father's will. No, he wronged her. It was not ever that. Were there others who had caught her youthful fancy? Was it because Dan'l wasn't stylish? Day after day, on deck and in the cabin, he went over it again and again. At last he could bear it no longer. The next trip was his yearly pilgrimage. It was his duty to her and to himself. He would speak and tell her plainly his forebodings. He would plead so gently and so kindly that no longer would she fear his counsel. She should see that, and believe that a parent's love is best.

The next night from my summer cottage, ill at ease, I looked through the window upon the sea. Through the storm I no longer saw the watery mass with its foam-capped waves rising and falling, but intently, as one, shivering, watches a tragedy, I saw phalanx after phalanx, column upon column, of giants clad in sombre garments and silver helmets come and disappear. I heard the roar and thunder of their mighty artillery, the crashing of the walls, the wild shrieks of the women, and then the moans of the slain. The window fairly cracked before me, and I stepped back-

ward. When I looked again, the scene was changed. Countless monsters, indescribable, are joined in frightful combat. Huge serpents roll and hiss, with venom they rush at each other, strike, wind round and round as they rise higher and higher, until they totter and fall into a surging mass of hideous forms I could neither name nor fancy. I roused myself as I thought where is the "Jane Eyre," and Captain Zeph.? And, inaudibly, I repeated the sailors' prayer.

The next morning I walked along the glistening beach, watching the great waves of forty, sixty, eighty feet, as they broke on that rocky, treacherous shore. It is not an unusual sight to see at any season a wreck on that beach. But somehow, with trembling limbs and fluttering heart I took my way toward one that I thought I had not seen before. Buried in the sand she lay, not as fascinating, not as cheering as the "Jane Eyre" I had seen sailing by the headland. The waves, angry because they had so long been kept from their prey, fell upon her, one after another, with merciless fury. Ah! if her master were there to raise a warning hand to those furies who had so long obeyed his will.

In the mighty clash of wind and tide, of wave and rock, had been hidden from mortal sight the more terrible conflict of the waves of childish love with the rocks of a parent's will. Perhaps they escaped, and now rest safe in the Shelter Island.

The hulk is lying in the sand, the mists are rising, and the sea-birds are flying southward.

Horace G. Brown.

Life.

'Tis but a dream, a mesh of day and night,
A rippling stream with ever floating crust;—
Our selfishness alone remains e'er bright,
For *this* day's glories are to-morrow's dust.

John W. Lewis.

Ibsen's Social Dramas.

CRITICISM at one time considered Ibsen's three dramatic poems: "Love's Comedy," "Brand," and "Peer Gynt," as his chief claim to immortality. But that was during the time of his historical works and before the appearance of his social dramas: "The League of Youth," "The Pillars of Society," "A Doll's House," "Ghosts," "An Enemy of the People," "The Wild Duck," "Rosmersholm," "The Lady from the Sea," and "Hedda Gabler." As these later dramas have come out, each with a clear and forcibly put message to the age, opinion, if it has not entirely changed, has come to recognize that these plays have a real and distinct ethical meaning of much more importance to us of to-day than his earlier work.

"The League of Youth" was the herald of the more distinctively social dramas that followed. From these it stands apart, being a satire upon Norwegian politics rather than a social play. Although it introduces in Stensgaard a character of some interest, it has less significance for us in the present connection than the plays that followed. These dramas hang very closely upon one another and have for the most part one point of attack, the hypocrisy of modern society caused by the social environments cramping the reasonable freedom of the individual. In them Ibsen "diagnoses the diseases of modern society."

"The Pillars of Society" presents to us the first hypocrite, Consul Bernick, to whom is allowed an appearance of respectability and disinterestedness. He is the benefactor of his town and is esteemed as one of the "pillars of society." He helps to build a railroad which will greatly aid the town, but he himself is to reap the greatest benefit, for he has bought up all the land along the line. Though he blames an American ship-owner for sending an unsafe ship to sea, he is at last driven to commit the same crime to retain his own social position and reputation. When the deceit in his own private life is revealed, we see how utterly false is his position; how rotten his foundation. In this play is found one of the group of "governors, teachers, spiritual pastors and masters" that in many of his

works try to prop up the pillars of the social system. Here it is Rörund, in "Ghosts," Manders, and Kroll in "Rosmersholm." These see only the externals of morality, and encourage the false because they are bound in the conventional bonds of "what is proper."

"A Doll's House" carried out the suggestion that was given by Consul Bernick's relation to his wife. It is emphatically the drama of the woman, yet it is through the character of the husband, Helmer, that the thought has its development. He is perfection as far as all the proprieties go; he has the greatest abhorrence for anything dishonorable, but the selfishness underneath this aspect is complete. He has always treated his wife Nora as a mere means of enjoyment for himself and has fostered all her childish instincts until she is only an overgrown doll. She, brought up on the maxims of a conventional morality, commits a forgery without, apparently, any tinge of conscience, so rudimentary are her ideas. This act she commits under the impulse of love and cannot believe that the law takes no account of motive. Helmer's selfishness is again seen when he discovers the forgery. He is at first terribly shocked, but soon comes to see that the matter must be hushed up if he wants to keep his stand in society. The crisis, however, and Helmer's outburst of rage and subsequent change have awakened Nora, and she sees that if she wishes ever to gain her heritage and become a rational being she must be freed from his influence. Helmer of course objects: "Before all else you are a wife and a mother." "That I no longer believe," says Nora. "I think that before all else I am a human being, just as much as you are — or at least I will try to become one." Until she may accomplish this she chooses self-assertion rather than abject self-renunciation to such a man as Helmer and his influence.

This conclusion naturally caused much criticism. Nora's duty to her children was brought up. Nora had replied where she said: "Am I — am I fit to educate the children?" Ibsen answered in "Ghosts," by supposing a continuation of the case. Mrs. Alving discovers certain facts about the life of her husband that cause her to leave him and seek refuge with Pastor Manders. This good conventionalist induces her to return to her husband partly from personal fear of slander. Alving keeps on in the

old way, and it becomes the principal object of Mrs. Alving's life to hide the excesses of her husband from the eyes of the public. Her independence has been broken by her failure to rebel against the wrong, and she sinks back into the easy covert of deceit. All the time she is the slave of the existing social order, and there keeps growing within her a desire for revolt against all this falsehood. She says to Manders: "I almost think we're all of us Ghosts. It's not only what we have inherited from our father and mother that 'walks' in us. It's all sorts of dead ideas, and lifeless old beliefs, and so forth. They have no vitality, but they cling to us all the same, and we can't get rid of them."

The son, Oswald, is sent away as soon as he begins to observe the true status. He must not know the truth, it would ruin his prospects. So he is deceived about his father's life until he is led to believe that he was a very saint. When Oswald returns home, he shows that he has inherited from his father the disease that leads him to the same acts that his father did before him. This is the outcome of the question that was raised by "A Doll's House."

The reception of this play was more bitterly hostile than Ibsen had counted on and he soon answered it in a new drama, "An Enemy of the People." The hero, Stockmann, can be without doubt considered as meant by Ibsen for a picture of his own position at this time. Even the name of the character has some significance, for it was in a house formerly owned by a Stockman that Ibsen was born.

Dr. Stockmann is the medical director of the baths at a growing watering place. The baths have cost the town dearly and are considered the life of the place. Stockmann finds that the water used is unhealthy and points out this fact to the managers, the chief men of the place. They dare not tell it to the town for fear of losing their positions, and so try to get rid of Stockmann. From their action he discovers that there is something besides the baths that is wrong. The whole social fabric is rotten, and he preaches the truth from the housetops. An unmerciful persecution overtakes him; none will hearken to the truth; they prefer their false ideas. He then makes the discovery that "the man who is in full accord with society is a weak man . . . bound hand and foot by

social customs and conventions, while 'the strong man is he who stands most alone.' " It is not a withdrawal from society, it is an earnest appeal to the best that is in society. It ends hopefully, but Ibsen must show the other side, and "The Wild Duck" is the most pessimistical of all his works.

Gregers Werle is a dreamer, possessed with a "fever for righteousness and a delirium for hero-worship," as Relling, the exponent of expediency and *laissez-faire* morality, says. Werle finds out that the marriage of his friend Ekdal is based upon falsehood, and since he has really at heart the good of his friend, he tries to lift him out of the bog into which he has fallen. But his plan does not work as it should. The ideal claim has not its right effect upon hard facts. He only brings calamity, and despairs himself of a life that receives so poorly the "claims of the ideal." Relling advises him thus: "While I think of it, Mr. Werle, don't use that foreign word, ideals. We've got the excellent native word, lies."

This is another way of looking at the matter from that of Stockmann. If Ekdal were a fair type of man, the case would seem dismal, but more concession was made by Ibsen in Ekdal's character than he allowed to the exponents of his own side. Ekdal is the weakest of the weak, he can promise and talk, but when it comes to action he is powerless. If ideal principles suited such a man as Ekdal, it would be a bad thing for the principles.

Ibsen held firm to his trust in the intrinsic goodness of man; this his next play, "Rosmersholm," shows. Rosmer may not be the man to "make all the people of this country noble-men," in fact he says himself that he is not, that must be done by the people themselves, he merely prepares the way; yet this task remains as the end that is set up to be attained. Rosmer is bound by the traditions of the past, they hinder him when he would take a forward move. He would help humanity but his will is weak. Rebecca is at the first recklessly ambitious, then his humanity softens her and refines, but takes her courage from her. "So both these representatives of an imperfect conduct of life must needs succumb, but over their bodies the play points to Ibsen's great and radiant dream of the future; his dream of the man with liberated mind and puri-

fied will This is the exalted type of humanity that Rosmer dreamed of shaping, — the happy and noble being who shall live a life of freedom, innocence and joy. This is the third kingdom, of which Maximos and Julian (in "Emperor and Gallilean") dreamed, and in which Henrik Ibsen has never lost his faith."

"The Lady from the Sea" takes us into a new field. A tinge of melodrama, not altogether pleasant, is felt. It is, however, one of the most effective, in an artistic way, of all his dramas. Ellida, 'the lady from the sea,' is a young woman of romantic mind who has a strange affinity for the sea. She is attracted to a sailor and is in a way betrothed to him. He is compelled to leave on account of the murder of his captain and Ellida is afterwards married to a respectable widower. Still the strange fascination of the sea influences her, and her husband feels that she is not wholly his own. After several years the sailor returns and claims her. She is allowed to choose by her husband. Then at length with freedom of will she is able to repel the sailor's charm, and at last she has a chance to begin the development of her emancipation.

In Jörgen Tesman's character in "Hedda Gabler," we see a trace of the same spirit that in Helmer's case had such a baneful influence upon Nora. But how unlike the two women! The society-belle, Hedda Gabler with all her frivolity has yet a ruling desire; she would have the shaping of a human destiny. It's not worth her while to try to do this with her husband; he has not enough spirit; he is too fond of studying the history of civilization. In Eilert Lövbord she thinks she has found a subject. He will surely do something noble; he will dare to live his life or end it in his own way. But even he disappoints her. He is found shot, but not voluntarily. Hedda Gabler is the only one who will end life herself; her failure to control his destiny drives her to it.

Such are the dramas of modern life which Ibsen has poured out, "the expression of a great soul crushed by the weight of an antagonistic social environment into utterance that has caused him to be regarded as the most revolutionary of modern writers." Of their literary art we have hardly spoken, the interest and impression of power and yet of realness that the reading of a single play gives is conclusive. Their moral end

and aim overshadows their execution. They are the expression which the complicated modern existence calls forth ; not the mere voicing of *la joie de vivre* for which the old dramatists often stood. His attitude has well been stated by one of his earliest critics : " Ibsen has many golden arrows in his quiver, and he stands, cold and serene, between the dawn and the darkness, shooting them one by one into the valley below, each truly aimed at some folly, some affectation in the every-day life we lead."

Leon M. Closson.

Possibilities.

LIKE a quivering lyre, man's heart
Playeth high or lower part.
Each has heights and depths unknown
Till a master-hand hath shown
How each false and wavering string
Into unison to bring.

Joseph R. McDonald.

A sea of billowy, wind-tossed clouds,
Save in the west, where gloried in its flame
The dying sun glows through the rifted sky.
Slowly it sinks behind the darkening hills,
And now 't is gone. Yet, mirrored in the clouds above,
We see the promise of God's goodness, and a coming day.

Robert C. Gilmore.

A Hero.

I ONCE knew a hero. He was not a high class one of the story-book kind, and I am even afraid that most people would have termed him a "tough," without a drop of hero blood in him. But, for all that, it was there.

Would you like to get a look at him? Well, then, we must go down to Hester Street, not a very promising neighborhood for heroes, I admit. We turn up a dark alley, and pick our way along through all the filth and refuse of a city tenement, until we reach the entrance of the building. It looms up so suddenly out of the night that we are disposed to call in sentiment to our aid, and dub it a modern Aladdin's palace; but as we climb flight after flight of the creaking stairs, and hear the curses and sobs, and stumble over the drunken men and women in our way, we think no more of sentiment, for it seems out of place here.

Sh! Here is our door! Open it gently, or he will hear us! As the latch yields and we enter, not a sound can be heard.

It is all quiet and dark, save for a single lamp over in the corner.

Light waves of tobacco smoke float about, and all we can make out is the figure of a man sitting by a table. But now the smoke is breaking away, and we can look more closely. The man's eyes impress us at the first glance. Why, they are not eyes at all, only great, black holes, windows of that man's soul. They seem to burn right through one.

Those eyes can be devilish sometimes, when he grows hot and fierce with anger, and all the fire of his nature bubbles up and bursts out of them.

Now we notice the rest of him. Not much, only a few wrinkles under his eyes and on his cheeks. They tell how his life has gone. Cain's death mark was not the only sign God has placed upon man. There are others that tell their story just as clearly and distinctly as his did.

Our hero bears one of them.

His face is all that is peculiar. In other ways he is commonplace enough, with torn clothes, greasy shirt, and rusty shoes.

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Why, you finally give your opinion that the fellow is no hero ; nothing but a street rowdy. Well, I am sorry, but we can't have all our heroes made to order ; we must take them as they come. I should like to show you clear blue eyes, a broad white forehead, and curling hair, but then he would be a book hero, while really he is only a common, ordinary one.

The lamp hissed and flared, and the moments passed, while the man puffed stolidly at his pipe.

At last, muttering an oath, he made a heavy lumbering motion, as if to rise. But the oath died on his lips and he sank back into his chair again.

A little child had opened the door and come in. She was a wee mite of a thing, not more than five at the most, but her face had a drawn, oldish look that should not have been there. Her eyes were of that peculiar shade of brown which looks cool and moist, and they seemed to soften and conquer the dark glitter in her companion's.

She was very dirty, and, to leave no room for doubt, the tears had washed broad streaks on her cheeks. A soiled red ribbon was on her hair, which would have been golden as the sun, if clean. She was wiping her eyes with the edge of her torn and grimy dress.

"Well, young 'un, what's up?"

The child looked at him wonderingly, but said nothing.

"I say, sis, speak up! What d' yer want?"

"I think I'se hungry!"

"Hungry!" he ejaculated; "Why in —— don't yer go to yer mammy?"

The little figure trembled. She was crying.

"Ma — ma — she — she died! an daddy, he — he — he ——."

"Well, talk up! What ails yer dad?"

"I don't — don't — know — tha — that! Yesterday the man came an' took my daddy off. I — I — think he has been naughty!"

"I'll bet yer dad's in der jug, young 'un! But I tells yer what, yer'll have ter let out uv here, er I'll make yer. D' ye hear?"

The child did hear, but she did not obey. On the contrary, she walked forward and placed herself squarely before him.

"I'se hungry!" she said.

"—— ye! Git out!"

But even as he spoke, his anger cooled, and the demon light faded, and faded, until it vanished. He looked at her helplessly, for the cool, sweet look of the child had conquered him! It was like the breath of the cool sea wind on a hot, tired head. He! whom all the toughs and bullies of the ward dreaded and shunned, he sat there and looked at her.

"So yer wants suthin' ter eat?" said he.

"Yes, an' I think you will give me suthin' ter eat, won't you?"

"Ter eat! Huh! Say, kid, what's yer name?"

"That's it."

"What?"

"Why, what you said — Kid. Ma wanted ter call me Mary, 'cause her ma was called that too, but pa, he was drunk then, an' he swore an' said my name was Kid. And that's it. My ma used ter cry, and cry, an' cry, when pa got drunk, an' I thinks I knows why, too. Cause pa hit her, that's why! An' one day ma was tired and couldn't work, and pa came an' he said naughty words, and made her work, an' then my ma died. I thinks she's up in the mornin' land, where little brother went. She use ter to sing ter me 'bout him, an' one time she was rocking me, and suthin' wet dropped on me, and ma was cryin'. Say, does you think my pa will go to the mornin' land?"

"No, Kid, he'll go straight to ——!" Then, as he noticed that the child looked troubled, he added: "I can't tell, Kid. Fur, yer see, I didn't know yer dad."

"Say, I 'm 'fraid you haven't nothin' fur Kid," she said, as she looked around the room.

"No, Kid, I haint. But it's a blamed sin, Kid! an' I'll — I'll get yer somethin', by thunder!"

"When does you think you will get me suthin' ter eat? I'se pretty hungry now!"

"Blame it, Kid! I haven't a red copper, but I'll be hanged 'fore I see yer starve! Come along, an' I'll get yer somethin' if I'm jugged fer it!"

They went out together. As he turned to her, after closing the door, Kid said: "I thinks it's pretty dark here fer me!"

"Yer right, Kid! Will yer 'low me ter tote yer down stairs?"

She nodded, and he took her up in his strong arms, slowly and clumsily to be sure; but she threw her hands around his neck and heaved a contented little sigh.

Slowly he descended, feeling every board before treading upon it, with his precious burden.

In the hallway, they had to pass by a lot of drunken men.

"Hey there, Jim, where did yer get ther kid?" they called out. But Jim was on his dignity, and marched past without a word. He was too busy with his errand, to stop.

"Don't yer mind them folks!" said Kid, encouragingly.

He continued walking rapidly down the side street, which was pitch dark.

At moments all would be still, and then dark figures would creep by, muttering oaths, or worse. Once they heard a long, wailing cry, and then far in the distance, the rattle of a policeman's whistle.

At last they reached the Bowery. The darkness changed to the glare of the electric light, and the stillness to the shout of the crowd, the rumble of the trucks, and now and then, the roar of the elevated. They were caught up in the human tide and carried along. Kid was afraid, and hid her face under Jim's coat.

But after a while she took courage and began to look about. The shouting, pushing crowd, the glitter and the brilliancy of the windows, interested her.

"Oh! oh! See the pies! I thinks if I had some of them I wouldn't be so very hungry."

Jim stopped, hesitated a moment, and then carried the child to the window.

She gazed at the pastry with a pinched, hungry expression, that made Jim mutter something about its being a —— shame.

Now, by all right, Jim should not have stopped there for an instant. He was exposing himself to a great temptation. Could he resist it?

Yet, if he had not stopped, we should not have found a real, live hero. Crash! The glass falls in a thousand pieces and leaves a great, jagged hole, through which the startled clerk sees a man stick his arm and seize a pie.

"Hi, there! Stop him! Thief! Police!"

But see! Jim is not stirring an inch! He only says, "Shut up! yer blamed fool! I ain't goin' ter run!" And he does not, either.

The policeman finds him in the midst of a howling crowd, calmly breaking off bit after bit of the pie and giving it to Kid, who snaps at it as a dog does at a chunk of meat. Jim involuntarily raises his arm when he catches sight of the blue coat, and then the crowd howled in amazement, for Jim, the terror of the ward, is letting a 'cop' lead him to jail and not making a single attempt to escape.

But it was a hard struggle for him. His breast heaves and his lips are tight shut. He is all in a whirl. Why is he here? Why is he being arrested? Could he not break away in a flash and escape? But now he thinks of Kid. What will become of her if he tries it?

The child seems to read his thoughts, for she is patting his hand, which is cut and bleeding.

"Poor man!" she said, "I likes you!"

They passed the night in a cell. The people at the station tried to take her away, but she cried and clung more closely to him. Jim smiled.

He took off his coat, tenderly wrapped the child up in it, and then sat down beside her. The hours passed, and the child slept, but she smiled sometimes and murmured little baby words that made Jim look sad. Kid was dreaming of the "morning land."

* * * * *

The court opened early next morning and Jim was one of the first who were called. When he came before the bar, holding the child in his arms the judge started, and then wiped his glasses.

"What's this, officer?"

The story was told. The amazement of the justice was now complete. He wiped his bald head in astonishment.

"Well, well!" he said. "What have you got to say for yourself, prisoner?"

"Nothin', yer honor! It's all square! This yer kid come ter me most dead fer grub. An', Judge, ye may think I haint no count, an' yer right, too, but I'll be hanged afore I'd let her starve. Look at her!"

He pointed to Kid, who was looking at the justice with a mildly indignant look, as if to reprove him for bothering Jim.

"I'll get sent up for it," he continued, "I know that, but I say, Judge, don't be hard on the kid!"

"H'm! H'm! This is a most extraordinary case! Very strange! Very strange indeed! You say the case is clear, officer?"

The man nodded.

"Yes, yer honor, he says so himself."

"True, very true! Well, my man, I must send you up for this, of course, but I will see that the child is put in good hands. And I must say that you are more of a man than most of those I see here. I will give you ten days! Next case!"

Jim passed along, and sat down on a bench with the Kid by his side. Now, if his moral sense had been very highly developed, he would have blushed with shame at his position. But he seemed rather happy, and as he told Kid how he must leave her for a little while, the hero-light shone in his face.

"Well, Kid, good-by!"

The child looked earnestly at him for a moment, then reaching up her dirty little face, she kissed him. Jim blushed. He was not used to a woman's kiss.

At the island he was hardly recognized as the same fellow who had been there before. He was changed—not a rowdy now, but a man—and Kid had done it.

Cornelius P. Kitchel.

The Traitor.

Sea-bird of the battle surf,
 Lorna is dead.
Black on Colla's castled hill
 Ruin is spread.
Weep for Lorna who rode forth
With his king against the North.
Lorna came again at morn,
 Riding from war.
Messenger of battle won,
 Tidings he bore :—
"Quenchless was the charge he made,
Low the insurgent walls were laid."
And while revelry was rife
 Through Colla's halls,
'Then the lonely warder saw,
 Pacing the walls,
Eastward in the morning's greys,
Serried spears in the sunrise blaze.
By an altar in a vault—
 Night dripping dew—
Lorna's muffled cry arose ;
 Bat-like it flew :—
"Sacrifice for victory !
Priest and victim find in me !"
Sea-bird of the battle surf,
 Lorna is dead.
Black on Colla's castled hill
 Ruin is spread.
Royal seal upon the tomb
Where he sleeps in endless gloom.

Wellesley College,

as remembered after a six-hours' visit.

AS we call Andover "Andover on the Hill," so Wellesley might be appropriately called "Wellesley on the Lake," for the college buildings, nine in number, if my memory is to be trusted, and all on rather high hills with low ground intervening between them, are a few minutes walk from Lake Waban, a pretty crescent-shaped sheet of water a mile long by half a mile wide. This lovely spot lies less than a mile from a station on the Boston and Albany Railroad, about twenty miles west of Boston.

After being overcome by the emotions that are wont to arise on approaching a place where seven hundred young ladies are studying, the visitor finds himself standing, — he knows not how he got there, — on the platform of a low brown-stone station similar to others on the same line. This, then, is far-famed Wellesley with apparently nothing very remarkable about it. Be patient, for the "coach," in other words a covered barge of a bright yellow color, is in waiting to carry to their destination the travellers laden with numerous packages, and among them here and there the unmistakable Huyler's box, — for whom intended one can only imagine. The roads to and throughout the college grounds are of hard smooth macadam, and are all that could be desired. After a short drive the coach passes on the right a small stone lodge which forms the main entrance to the colleges. The driving for some strange reason now seems more fascinating and exciting, and some young persons with fast beating hearts perhaps then recall the words: "All hope abandon, ye who enter here," but console themselves with the thought that "none but the brave deserves the fair."

On quite high ground to the left Stone Hall, the largest dormitory at Wellesley, meets the eye. Next, on the same side of the roadway, appears Music Hall, with three organ-like projections rising at the front, which give the whole structure the appearance of a huge organ. From this building, it is said, can be heard at times the music of thirty pianos. Probably no one would venture to suggest under such circumstances that

there was any "harmony in the spheres," if the other spheres were like our own. What a pleasure (?) it would be to hear those varied notes !

The road a few hundred yards beyond Music Hall runs between two steep hills. To the left, between the road and the base of the hill, are several grass tennis courts with undulating surfaces, so pleasant to the eye, — when one is not playing on them. Beyond, on the summit of the hill, is the large main building constructed of brick, I believe, in 1875, and now partially covered with ivy. It is much longer than it is broad, with two wings at both ends. To the right of the front entrance one enters the "Browning room," handsomely furnished in brown and decorated with a frieze of paintings executed by a famous Boston artist. Among other ornaments there is a bust of Mrs. Browning, and by her side is one of the Emperor Augustus, similar to that here in Room No. 9. At this point in her explanation, — and you must, of course, appear familiar with all the paintings and busts she shows you, — your friend, as guide, relates the story, probably handed down from year to year, that a visitor once inquired if *that*, indicating the statue of Augustus, was Mrs. Browning's son. On being told that it was not, she asked if it was her husband.

In the hall-ways at most hours of the day are to be seen crowds of students, a number of whom are usually dressed in their class crew boating suits, for Wellesley, as well as Harvard and Yale, has her crews. In one of the wings are situated the chapel and the sacred and ominous faculty room, which the faculty must think has a pleasant view of the lake, but to the young ladies it must often be far otherwise. In the other wing is the large eating room, which seats three hundred young ladies, where the guest is sometimes invited to dine, and, needless to say, if that guest is a man he is apt to be a little embarrassed. Such a one, it is told, may have passed through every ordeal without flinching, but he cannot help trembling when he passes down that hall, the cynosure of six hundred eyes.

An amusing incident, which happened in one of the dining-halls not long ago, shows that the students are by no means ignorant of the visitor's presence. A gentleman was dining with a college friend, and, as the waitress, who was a student in performance of the required "domestic

work," was placing a plate before the stranger, it touched his shoulder. Shortly afterwards, to a young lady at the other end of the table, the waitress whispered in audible tones, "Alas, I hit *him* on the shoulder."

On the hill, to the right of the road over which the coach drove, are situated three dormitories, and the massive art building, near at hand, with its splendid lecture room and studies, is a recent addition to the college.

The last but not least pleasant spot to be seen at Wellesley is the grassy walk out to the end of the point, which gives the lake its crescent shape. From the suggestive name of "Twopello" given to this promenade has come the Wellesley song of the same name. From the point are plainly seen the main building rising among the oaks, and also the many private and class boats picturesquely ranged along the shore. Not far off can be heard the instruments in Music Hall, but when walking under the oaks and pines here pianos have, little charm, and one must agree with Sir Thomas Browne when he said, "There is music in the beauty and the silent note Cupid strikes, far sweeter than the sound of an instrument, for there is music wherever there is harmony, order, or proportion."

Through the fields the guest returns to late dinner, and after supper perchance it is his good fortune to hear the Glee and Banjo Clubs give one of their concerts, either in the college or in the village church. This is an opportunity one does not often have, and if one is compelled to leave on the 9.23 train, before the music has died away, he lingers till the last minute, and then runs to the station in time to catch the train as it pulls out. Too quickly the six hours' visit at Wellesley is over, and at twelve o'clock that night he is again in Andover. As the pleasant early morning dream must pass away and leave behind it chapel services and recitations, so is the Wellesley dream a thing of the past, and Andover with its hard tasks a living reality.

Thomas F. Archbald.

Editorials.

PHILLIPS is about to undergo the trying experience of a loss,—two men not only great in the eyes of Andover, but looked up to by a multitude of teachers throughout the country,—men whose text books can but give a suggestion of the power of their training so long given to the sons of Phillips Andover. The strength of Professors Coy and Comstock consists not only in the fact that they teach Greek and Latin thoroughly, but also that they teach boys to think and to apply their thoughts. They are gentlemen of dignity whose personal interest in the scholars gives them their influence. We are to lose these men. It is a blow, but let it be one that shall cause us to look around in order that we may see why Phillips no longer holds them, and by our awakening reap a benefit. We are not going to pieces because two of the most splendid of our columns are to be taken away. The foundations are strong. There is something in the very name of our old school, not to mention its principles, and the efficiency of its officers, which will enable it to maintain its usefulness.

These gentlemen would, doubtless, not leave us did they not feel that there was a larger field of action offered them by the academy at Lakeville. We can not and would not remodel Phillips according to the plans of that Academy, but there are perhaps some points which would suggest advantageous changes. The chief advantage offered by the Hotchkiss School to these gentlemen is (to employ a paradox) that “the field of usefulness is larger because it is smaller.” The classes at Phillips have become so large that they are unmanageable. We, in the classes feel that they are too large. But only too large while in the recitation room. The advantage of the academy consists in its being a little world. Here boys are taught to be men by coming face to face with questions which they must decide. Here boys can best learn to be true Americans by coming in contact with the various classes soon to be “the people,” thus learning tolerance, an element of true democracy. However, in the class-

room the teacher cannot give the attention he should to individuals, when he is hurried by the necessity of calling upon at least half the class to recite. We need several men of the spirit of Professors Coy and Comstock. Let the school be divided into sections, one of Yale men, another of Harvard men, and a third for the other colleges, perhaps. Let each one of the three divisions have its instructors. Thus the advantage of small classes would be gained also for Phillips. Steps must be taken to assure to Phillips her position as foremost in advanced education. Let there be an increase in the tuition fee. Moneyed men would then pay for education what it is worth. Men with little or no means would have an opportunity to prove themselves worthy of scholarships such as the surplus could maintain. The standards here have always been high. The moral condition of the Academy can only be kept up to these standards set by the Faculty through the hearty co-operation of the students. We are not complaining nor lamenting the condition of our academy, for we consider it to be the foremost in America, but if we can do aught to make it still more magnificent it is our duty so to do.

The gentlemen of the Faculty have very kindly given the Literary Board the use of a room in English Commons, third house. This sanctum, situated as it is in the heart of school life, where the voices from those hurriedly passing brings to the windows, in various tones, the conditions of the school, is a fitting place to edit the *Mirror* of Phillips Academy. The editorial rooms are not grand nor elegantly furnished, but they serve very well their purpose as a meeting-place for the editors, — a den for literary work.

The Board of Editors take pleasure in announcing the election of H. G. Brown, R. C. Gilmore, C. P. Kitchel and H. S. Seki, to the contributing board. All competitors for this board must hand their articles to one of the editors, or deposit them in the *Mirror* box in the lower hall on or before Friday, September 16.

The Month.

THE Base Ball Team has been working faithfully, and some progress is apparent. The scores of the games played during the past month are as follows :

April 26, Dartmouth 15, Phillips 10 ; April 30, Methuen 15, Phillips 5 ; May 3, Amherst 7, Phillips 6, (ten innings); May 7, Brown 5, Phillips 3 ; May 14, Phillips 5, Lawrence Stars 4, (thirteen innings); May 18, Phillips 10, Tufts 1, (game was called in the first half of the sixth inning after Phillips had scored three runs); May 25, Phillips 6, Stonehams 3.

Games scheduled with the Beacons for May 11, and the Boston Blues for May 21, were not played on account of rain.

The following is the remainder of the base ball schedule: May 28, Lawrence Stars ; May 30, A. M., Brookline ; June 1, Burkes of Lowell ; June 4, Yale '95 ; June 11, Exeter.

A school meeting was held April 29, to consider the question of building a house on the upper campus, for the Athletic Team. The trustees agreed to forward \$1000, providing the school would raise \$500 this spring and promise to pay the loan in two yearly installments of \$500. It was voted to accept this offer. On April 30, the following building committee was appointed: Sheldon, Eagle, Fales, Neale, '92 ; Maddox, Stone, '93 ; Simmons, '94 ; Branch, '95. The house will not be completed in time for use this term.

The preliminary spring tournament was held on Wednesday, May 25. The events resulted as follows: 100 yards, L. Womelsdorf, 10 4-5 seconds ; 880 yards, A. S. Davis, 2 minutes, 7 1-5 seconds ; 220 yards, S. R. Hall, 24 seconds ; 1 mile, R. T. Francis, 4 minutes, 59 2-5 seconds ; 120 yards hurdle, R. Armstrong, 19 2-5 seconds ; 440 yards, J. D. Clark, 53 seconds ;

running high jump. A. E. Nettleton, 4 feet, 9 inches ; throwing hammer, L. P. Sheldon, 80 feet ; standing broad jump, R. Armstrong, 9 feet, 2 1-2 inches ; throwing base ball, J. Greenway, 363 feet, 3 inches ; putting shot, L. B. Foley, 34 feet, 11 inches ; running broad jump, W. L. Thompson, 19 feet ; 1 mile bicycle, R. Armstrong, 3 minutes, 11 2-5 seconds.

The managers of the street and house teams have decided to play under last year's rules, and have already arranged the schedule.

The following men were chosen by a committee of the Faculty to compete for the Draper prizes : R. T. Francis, P. S. '92 ; L. T. Hildreth, P. A. '92 ; G. H. Nettleton, P. A. '92 ; W. M. H. Wadhams, P. A. '92 ; E. M. Farmer, P. S. '93 ; W. J. Lapham, P. A. '93 ; W. B. Parker, P. A. '93 ; T. C. Hoffman, P. A. '94 ; W. F. Skerrye, P. A. '94 ; J. D. Clark, P. A. '95. S. O. Dickerman, P. A. '92.

There have been appointed the following class day committees : Executive, L. W. Smith, A. T. Robinson, J. H. Knapp ; financial, F. I. Worral, F. S. Fales, A. Quimby ; music, E. C. Jewell, H. A. Farr, C. A. Crawford ; printing, F. P. Trask, E. W. Bancroft, G. L. Hedges ; decoration, F. T. Hooker, D. L. Vaill, T. F. Archbald.

The new dormitories are materializing. The Taylor Cottage stands finished, the Andover Cottage is being erected, and the plans for the Bancroft Cottage have been accepted.

The Mandolin Club, under the leadership of M. T. Clark, has been very successful. They have played at a fair in Christ Church vestry, on April 20 ; at the Band Fair in the Town Hall, on April 28 ; in Lowell, on May 12 ; and last night at the Draper Speaking.

Clippings.

THEORY AND PRACTICE.

"Now do your best," they told him,
 "To the voice of duty, hark,
 If you but work you cannot help
 But succeed, and make your mark."

But when he went to college,
 About in life to embark,
 Although 'twas he did the labor,
 'Twas the Prof. who made his mark.

Williams Weekly.

AN APOLOGY.

At the ball game, O my darling,
 Think not bitterly of me,
 If I shouted at the umpire,
 Something that begins with d.

Brunonian.

CONSTANCY.

Her hair, I fear, is only a loan,
 Her teeth are too straight to be her own;
 Yet she alone my heart doth fill,
 With all her *false* I love her still.

Brunonian.

AN IDYL.

He stands before his glass in doubt;
 His beard by night hath sprouted well.
 He needs must scrape,—and yet without
 He hears begin the lecture bell.
 Too many times he's skipped the course,
 He fears its doors may on him shut;
 His blade is dull. Now which is worse,
 To cut and shave, or shave and cut.

Brunonian.

A HINT.

"Your figure petite is ever so sweet,
 And there's certainly no getting round
 it."

Her adorer was scared and hence un-
 prepared

For her question meant more than she
 hardly dared;

But she coyly found voice to propound
 it:

"So my figure is ever so sweet?

And you're — *quite* — sure, there's no
 getting 'round it?"

Amherst Student.

MY CONSTITUTION.

Name, immaterial; object, fun;
 Offices, numerous; membership, one;

Meetings, continuous;

Voting, unanimous;

Treasury, emptiness; thus doth it run.

ANOTHER VERSION.

"Where are you going my pretty maid?"

"I'm going a milking, sir," she said.

"May I go with you, my pretty maid?"

"The cows would adopt you, sir," she
 said.

Polytechnic.

THE LITTLE BROWN IDOL.

Last Sunday, bravely he "swore off"

From smoking, yes, for aye.

This moment in a fragrant cloud

His scruples hie away.

In short, what then he did defy,

He deifies to-day. *Brunonian.*

Mirage.

THE DEATH OF WILLIAM I.

William I., King of Prussia and German Emperor, son of Frederick III. and Queen Elizabeth, was born on the twenty-second of March, 1797. In command of the Russian forces sent to Baden in 1849, he put down the insurrection there in a few weeks. In 1861 he succeeded his brother as king. With the assistance of Von Roon he re-organized the army, and in 1862 placed Bismarck at the head of the cabinet. His victories in the Schleswig-Holstein and Austrian wars gained many states for Prussia, and taking the lead of the North German confederation in the war against France, he won a series of victories. At Sedan he received the surrender of Napoleon III., and shortly after was proclaimed German Emperor at Versailles.

These facts have been briefly touched upon in order that remembering them, we might realize how the Prussian would love the man, who made his state one of the foremost powers of Europe.

One evening we were at tea, when a boy was heard crying in the street, "Extra! Extra! the Kaiser is dead!" All at the table jumped up and hurried on their wraps, then ran down stairs as if there were a fire. We started for Unter den Linden, at one end of which avenue is the emperor's palace. On the way we met a servant girl greatly rejoicing. In her hand she held a paper,

which she showed to us. Soon there was a crowd around her looking at the good news. "The emperor is *not* dead" were the words at the head of the sheet. By the time we had reached the square in front of the palace a great mass of people was already moving up and down the street and around the statue of Frederick the Great, which loomed up in the moonlight. This great crowd was as silent as if it had been but one man, save for the whisper that went from ear to ear, "How is the emperor?" and the reply, which one of the guards at the gate had reported, "He is better." All that night, as an expression of their sympathy, the people moved to and fro before the palace, awaiting the angel of death.

When we arose early next morning, the city was still, although everyone was awake and about. The old generals walked the streets with solemn faces; the baker boys did not whistle as they went on their errands; the shopkeepers stood in the doors of their shops. At about 8.30 the flag on the top of the palace went down to half-mast. The word went from mouth to mouth "Der Kaiser ist tod!" The people wept as if they had lost their best friend, even the officers were seen wiping their eyes, and the little children seeing their elders cry did the same.

In a half-hour all the city was deco-

rated with flags, but not showing their bright colors, for long streamers of crape darkened their splendor; some were entirely covered with crape, while in other places the crape waved alone in the air. The stores were draped in black, and in many places the bust of the emperor with a laurel crown on his head could be seen. Even from window to window and over doors and archways crape was festooned. The ladies had changed their bright colors for black, and the gentlemen wore bands of crape on their arms.

The city thus mourned for several days, until after the emperor's funeral. The trains were crowded. The hotels filled with people from all parts of the world. Unter den Linden was being traversed by the carriages of princes and nobles from the great nations of Europe. The king of Saxony, in his carriage pulled by four horses, with driver and footman in front and two valets on the platform behind, now swept down the Linden, or the Prince of Wales, the king of Belgium, the envoy from the Pope, or some other dignitary passed beneath our window.

On the day of the great man's funeral the Linden was draped superbly with flags and crape. The great lights placed along the avenue flamed in the breeze. Beneath the many archways erected in his honor the body of the emperor passed, accompanied by his much beloved regiments, his pages, his nobles and statesmen, together with the princes of

the world, marching along to the time of muffled drums, out of the city under the Brandenburger Thor (gate), on which were the words "Good-bye, old Emperor." W. H. W.

Weary Hawkins was a tramp. He had trudged the length of Massachusetts, through the Berkshires, over the terraced Connecticut and the Concord valley, and the evening of a warm June day found him, ragged and dusty, in Lawrence. Here, a sudden idea possessed him to go to Boston. Weary was a man of execution and he immediately set forth.

About nine o'clock he steamed into Andover and slowly plodded up the long hill. Something led him to the campus. The moon was very mellow and the faint mist that clung about the trees dazzled Weary. He looked about the sky; he looked about the earth, and for the first time noticed the diamond freshly marked out for a game. With a faint yell, Weary took his place at home. "I know yer game," he murmured, "Played it when I was a kid." He whacked out an imaginary hit into right field. Away he ran, past first to second, and reached third with a great slide. The slide tired Weary very much, and with his head on the bag, he lay gazing at the stars. Finally, the dregs of the Lawrence beer-keg he had "tipped," overpowered him, and he fell asleep. He had a remarkable dream. It would be tiresome to relate, but it

was remarkable in every way and wrought a great change in Weary, filling him with disgust for the wretched life he was leading. He arose the next morning a changed man, mentally. A bath in the Shawsheen and a toilet of unusual care changed him bodily, and he was ready to take his first steps in life and to do something for himself. He succeeded that very day, and found a job at dusting off the home plate between the innings. He did this so well that shortly afterwards he was engaged at a princely salary as base-ball reporter for the *Phillipian*.

R. C. G.

A friend I had
Whose name was Ab.,
And when intoxicated,
It is Ab-surd
I'll give my word,
An Ab-stain 'twas from liquor.

An interesting spot is the abode of the Andover Sibyl, in the lower hall of the Academy building, beneath the frowning height of the stair-way. The cavern is small, in fact, there is scarcely room for the occupant to turn around. Its outer wall, just as at Cumae, presents a hundred entrances, whence come the responses of the soothsayer; but at Andover these openings are arranged in neat rows, each is fitted with a tiny door, fastened by a Yale lock and marked with a number. There has been a decided improvement on that old method

of writing on unsubstantial leaves. The oracles are now presented on solid white stationery in envelopes, stamped and sealed, bearing the owners' names. The Sibyl, too, is far different from the respectable virgin who advised Aeneas. The inmate of the Academy cavern has a decided masculine tendency, is arrayed in a cutaway coat, a vest, and trousers, and even rides a safety. But still may this personage be found in the appointed place, before the hundred doors, with heaving bosom and heart swelling with — well, not frenzy, but certainly excitement and haste.

But hark! a sound! The bell! behold, the bell! Immediately there arises a confused clattering of multitudinous feet. One would think it was pious Aeneas and the whole company of his followers. But no, it is only P.A. just out from recitation, hurrying to consult the Sibyl. There is a pushing, squeezing, jamming. The fellows crowd, each to his own pigeon-hole, and apply the key. Then may you see one and another disappointed at finding his cranny empty. Unadvised, he goes away.

But oh the glad faces! and the letters. Fat letters in the delicate handwriting of affectionate mammas, thin letters bearing the business-like mark of the paternal hand, letters from friends and relatives, and here and there a dainty, delicately-scented missive from — well, it won't do to betray confidences. As I go down the steps, I hear a joyful yelp from a Prep who has

discovered the long-expected check in his envelope. Then he goes, tearing down the street. I declare, I believe he is going to Chap's in study hours.

S. O. D.

It is all right
Since "love is blind"
And all the world concedes it,
To sit at night
With no light, mind!
For why should lovers need it?

It was midnight. The last stroke of the Seminary clock had just died away, and I was crawling under the apple-trees in front of English Commons. I was crawling because I had just caught sight of Prof. *Caper*, and I had just come from—well, no matter where. Its of no consequence.

I paused when I reached the Academy and looked about for my pursuer. Suddenly, a flash of light seemed to gleam from Society Hall. What could be going on in there? I went cautiously up to one of the windows and looked in, just as members of the Forum so often do.

Two misty shapes met my eyes. One was a stately old gentleman rigged out in a Roman toga, who tried to look unconcerned. The other, a young strippling, wore clothes of a more recent date, and appeared exceedingly stirred up over something.

I gazed at them in wonder, for when-

ever either opened his mouth there shot forth a flame of natural gas which distinctly lit up the whole room. While I was wondering what they were, the younger one furnished so much more of the illumination, that involuntarily the words "Mehr Licht" came to my mind. Yes! Surely that was the Forum, and the dignified old gentleman Philo!

At first the conversation between them was so low that I could not follow what they said. But soon the shades became excited, and fairly made the room re-echo.

Before long Philo began, "And you, you upstart! After your disgraceful conduct expect me—"

"You're a confounded coward! Now fight me if you dare!" here broke in the Forum, fast losing its temper.

"You're a thief and a liar," replied Philo loftily, "and I won't disgrace myself by licking you."

This was the last straw for the Forum's patience. Snatching up a handful of chewed paper wads which the *Phillipian* reporter had left around, it rushed so fiercely to the attack that it compelled Philo to forget its latest speech, and to defend itself with the last number of the *Philo Mirror*.

How I shall always wish I could have seen the result! But before the *Philo Mirror* had lost its covers, or the balls begun to run low, I heard Prof. *Caper's* footstep near by, and reluctantly concluded that I had better make for my open window.

B. H. P.

Grinds.

Mr. Darwin's peculiar convictions upon the subject of the evolution of man from an organ grinder's monkey, may surely have some credulity. The other day I met an old gentleman who was a true evoluter. He informed me that his locks had grown silvery and his trousers shiney, in trying to discover some analogy between the movements of the Orang and the modern human biped. His researches had met with misfortune in all the countries of the world. I myself had burned some midnight electricity on the subject, and so we were unitedly interested. We set out one morning on an exploring expedition. The first thing fate designed us to strike was a ball game between the theologues. The strange motion of the men attracted us — especially the old man, who had seen only League games. He had never seen theologues play base ball. A light shone in his intelligent eyes. He grasped my arm with joy, and we together gazed at the movements with the keenest interest. The missing link had been discovered! Did not the gorillas hurl cocoanuts in just that form? The old gentleman set me up to supper at "Chap's" that night.

A water pail,
And then a wail,
Which rends the evening air;
A well drenched cad,
And talk that's bad;
Does e'er this happen? Where?

HASH.

Hash I eat
That's quite sweet,
Made of every kind of meat.
Let me say,
If I may,
What I thought the other day.

Hash that walks,
Hash that talks,
Hash that runs away with forks;
Hash that sings,
And that brings,
O! such funny, funny things.

In a pile,
Makes you smile,
Hash comes on in every style.
Pug-dog palls,
In meat balls,
Makes you grow meanwhile.

Hash in junks,
Hash in hunks,
Sixteen kinds all in two lumps;
Hash when seen,
Turns you green,
Gives the boarders "grumps."

If I sing,
All through spring,
Never, never could I bring,
Song enough,
For this stuff,
Hated, cussed thing.

PHILLIPS SMITHY.

Under the Commons maple tree
 The Phillips Smithy stands ;
 "The Smith a noble man is he,"
 With a base-ball in his hands,
 His curves are like a railroad line
 Filled in with countless sands.
 His hair is straight, and black, and long,
 "His face is like the tan ;"
 On his head is a visored cap,
 A fashion in this land.
 He looks the fellows in the face,
 When selling all he can.
 "Week in and out, from morn 'till night,"
 You hear his comrades blow,
 While he, noble fellow as he is,
 Speaks, his voice smooth and low,
 As a Farmer speaks to his horse,
 When he goes out to sow.

The boys when coming home from school
 "Look in at the open door ;"
 They like to price the tennis suits,
 Or bother more and more,
 As they tumble all things about,
 Or throw them on the floor.
 On Sunday he to Chapel goes,
 And sits among the boys ;
 I think he likes to go to sleep
 When Parsons makes no noise ;
 For I have often seen him nod,
 Or his head loose its poise.
 "Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy
 friends,"
 My story is most through.
 A listening ear you gave to me,
 When I wrote words so few ;
 If wishing to find Smith himself
 Visit E. C., 1-2. SEQUEL PEN.

Senior Class Statistics.

Average age, 18 years, 8 months.
 Average height, 5 feet, 8 1-2 inches.
 Tallest, 6 feet, 4 inches ; shortest, 5 feet,
 5 inches. Average weight, 144 1-2 lbs.
 Heaviest, 187 lbs. ; lightest, 108 lbs.
 Intended occupation : 6 journalists ; 6
 manufacturers ; 5 lawyers ; 10 doctors ;
 2 teachers ; 8 business men ; 2 civil en-
 gineers ; 1 philosopher ; 1 mining ex-
 pert. Politics : Democrats, 7 ; Repub-
 licans, 53 ; Woman's Rights, 1 ; Prohibi-
 tion, 2 ; Independent, 6 ; Mugwump, 1.
 Best athlete, Sheldon.
 Wire-puller, McLaren.
 Handsomest man, Fisher, H. J.
 Homliest man, Phinney.
 Greatest dude, Farwell.

Ladies' man, Crawford.
 Class doll, Carleton.
 Class crank, Hildreth.
 Most scientific flirt, Eaton, E. S.
 Most cool-headed cribber, Nettleton.
 Class sport, Gilmour.
 Best student, Foster, H. B.
 Most popular man, Weyerhauser.
 Most useful man, Neale, J. B.
 Most useless man, Jones.
 Laziest man, Grant.
 Most religious man, Lake.
 Most modest man, Wadham.
 Engaged man, Halbert.
 Best moustache, Lake.
 Best attempt at a moustache, Smith, L. W.
 Best natured man, McLanahan.

Leaves from Phillips Ivy.

In order to make this department as interesting as possible to both alumni and students, the alumni are solicited to send any information concerning the recent actions of the sons of Phillips.

'36.—Rev. Jeremy Webster Tuck, Amherst '40, Andover Theological Seminary '44, died at Springfield, Mass., Feb. 25, 1892.

'48.—Roswell Smith, the late president of the Century Magazine Company, was the most prominent figure in the literary business world of his day. He made the "Century" the most attractive magazine of to-day, and enlarged the scope and influence of magazine literature throughout the world.

'55.—Rev. Edwin S. Beard, Yale '59, Andover Theological Seminary '62, died at Brooklyn, Conn., December 25, 1891.

'57.—Mr. James B. Hammond of New York, the inventor of the Hammond type-writer, has given for use in the Principal's office one of the best instruments. On the nickel-plated bar is inscribed: Presented to Phillips Academy by the inventor, 1892.

'82.—Rev. Henry A. Frederick, afterwards at Johns Hopkins University, Andover Theological '87, died at Congo, Pa., Feb. 3, 1892.

'82.—Mr. W. A. Nettleton on May 28, was appointed Superintendent of Terminals at Memphis. His jurisdic-

tion, as such, extends over the Track, Train, Station and Yard Departments between Mile Post 481 on the Kansas City, Fort Scott, and Memphis Railroad, and McGhees on the Kansas City, Memphis, and Birmingham Railroad.

'85.—J. H. Ropes, Harvard '89, now at the Andover Theological Seminary, served as judge at the Draper speaking last night.

'87.—M. A. Dixon is editor-in-chief of "The Christian Worker" at Springfield, Mass.

'87.—Mr. J. Perkins, of Kennebunkport, Maine, died at his father's residence, May 22. He was four years in the Academy, had inherited a considerable property, but fell into ill health and despondency which culminated in his death at the early age of twenty-three.

'88.—B. M. Allen is mentioned as Yale's probable salutatorian for this year.

'89.—O. G. Cartwright came within an inch of the Inter-collegiate record for pole vault at the recent games between Yale and Harvard. He has been elected captain of the Yale athletic team.

'89.—Donald Churchill, winner of the first prize in both Means and Draper while in Phillips, won the first prize at the Boylston Speaking at Harvard University on the 17th of May.

Books.

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF JOSEPH HARDY NEESIMA, BY ARTHUR SHERBURNE HARDY.

Mr. Hardy has set forth the life of Neesima from his childhood to his death in a very minute and attractive manner, while the letters are chiefly interesting as portraying the simple yet earnest character of Neesima. Neesima's father belonged to the military class, so he received a good education, including a fair knowledge of English and Chinese. Shortly after the opening of Japan to foreigners, he saw a Dutch ship and was seized with a desire to visit foreign countries, especially America, and after many attempts he managed to smuggle himself on a vessel bound for China, and from it to one of Mr. Hardy's ships.

On arriving in Boston he asked Mr. Hardy for help, which was given, and he was placed in Phillips Andover Academy. After two years of hard study he entered Amherst, and in spite of ill health he graduated at the end of four years. About this time an embassy was sent from Japan to investigate the educational methods of the western nations, and Neesima was called to Washington to act as interpreter. He accompanied the embassy back to Europe, but on its departure for Japan he returned to Andover to complete his course at the Theological Seminary. He then went to Japan in co-operation with the American Board of Missions, and there became

one of the greatest workers in the cause of Christianity. At first he was mainly occupied in founding churches and missions, but later he undertook the establishment of a university and succeeded in spite of the strenuous opposition, not only of the governors, but of the people themselves.

W. R. W.

A RECENT NOVEL.

Seldom has a more ideal novel been published than that recently from the pen of the young Scotch authoress, Mrs. Burnett Smith, in her latest story, entitled "Maitland of Laurieston." The tale, although laid in Scotland, loses none of its charm on that account, and its purity of diction and of thought commend it to all. It combines a sweet sense of peace and loving trust with a rare fund of interest and incident. The plot of the story centres itself chiefly into the somewhat unusual form of a family history. There is just enough sentimentalism in the volume to lend entertainment, while some of its parts are touching and pathetic. The hardness and seriousness of the Scotch theology is well painted by the author in one of her characters; and the warmth of a loving and a large heart is contrasted in another person, with a frivolous nature of the most trivial disposition. A very good insight into the student life at Edinborough University is given.

A. C. M.



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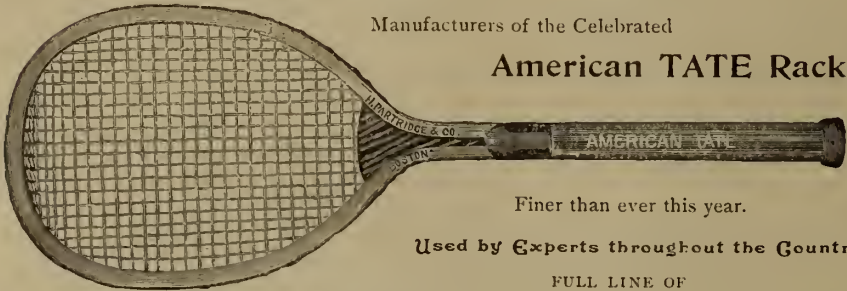
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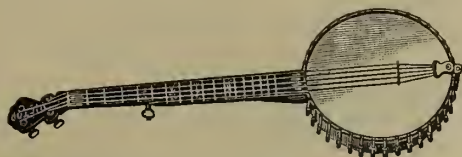
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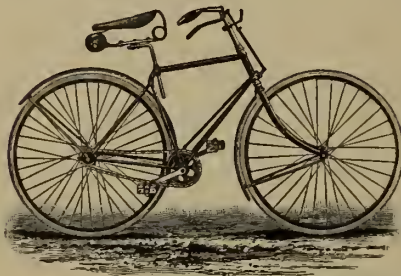
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